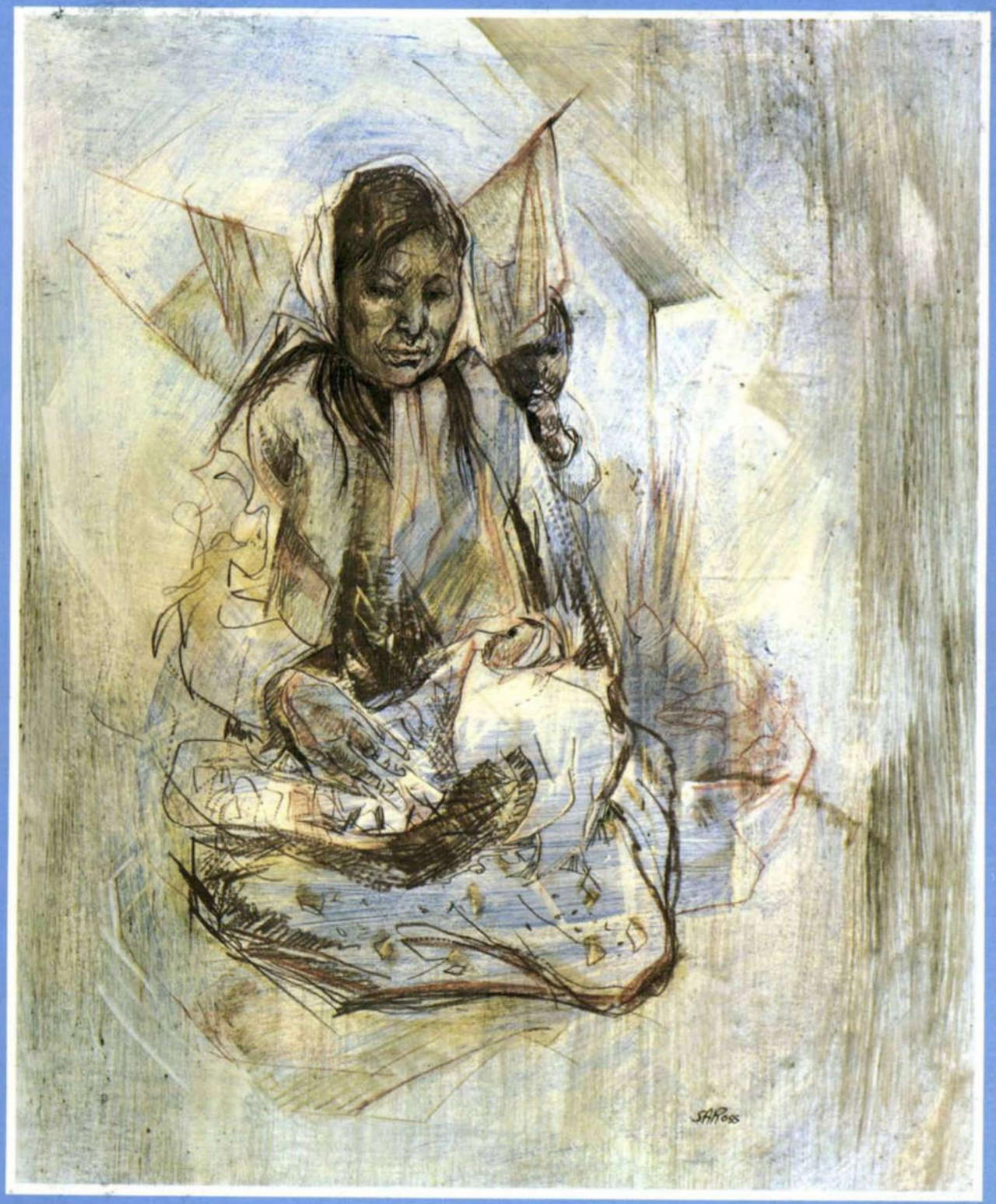
The Beaver

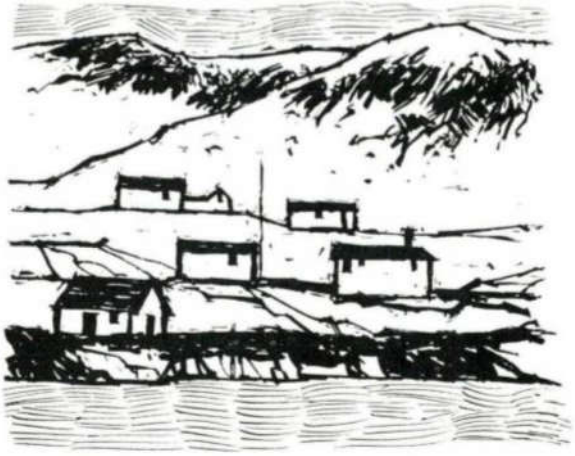
SPRING 1972



from sea to sea...

across the span

of three centuries



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Hudson's Bay Company

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The Beaver

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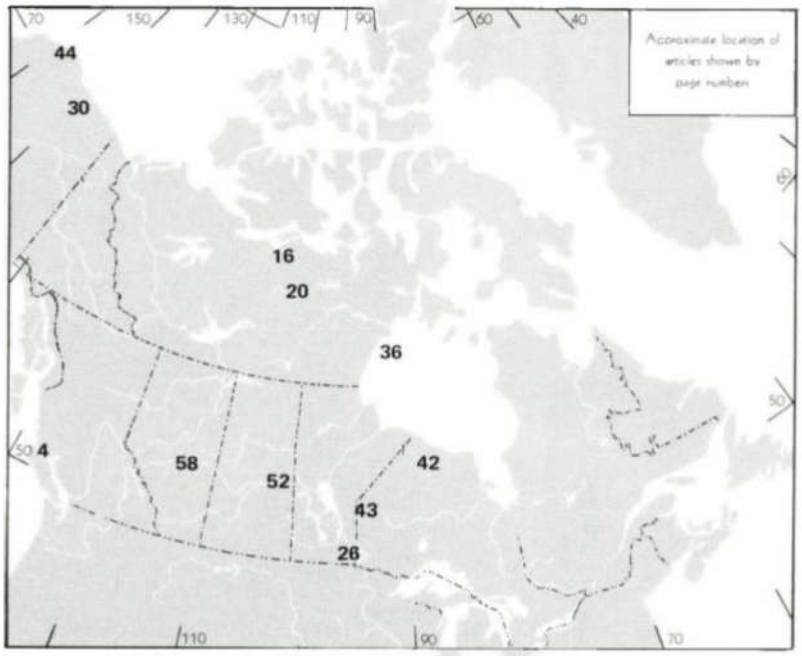

CONTENTS

FORT RUPERT, B.C. 4
Patricia M. Johnson

SIKSIK 16
Fred Bruemmer

BATHURST INLET PATROL 20
Ian Stuart Anderson

PRAIRIE IN A CITY 26
Robert W. Nero and Robert R. Taylor

ICE AGE HUNTERS 30
Karl H. Schlesier

36 **RELICS OF JAMES KNIGHT**
Ralph Smith

42 **INDIAN SKETCHES**
Susan Ross

44 **LAST *BAYCHIMO* VOYAGE**
James Hay

52 **"FINAN THE BUFFALO"**
Hugh MacMillan

54 **PAUL KANE**

59 **NORTHERN BOOKS**

COVER: On the Reserve by Susan Ross. Colln. R. E. Sheen.

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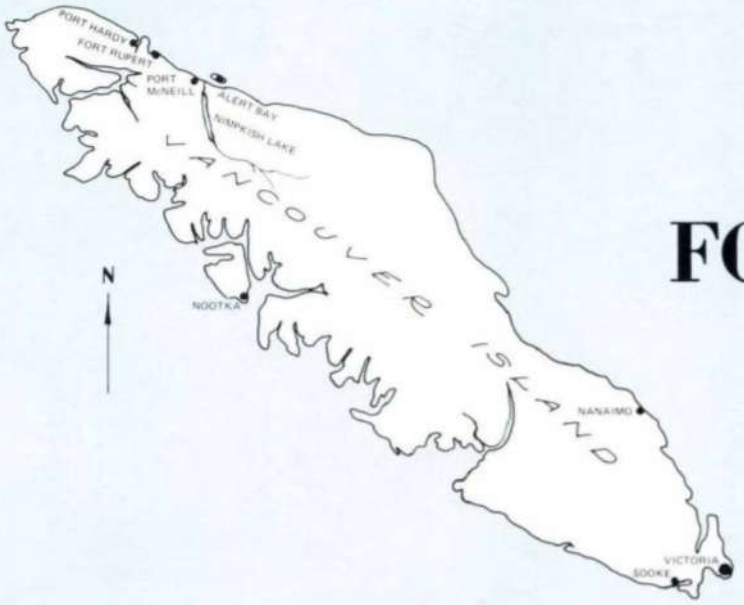


FORT RUPERT

By Patricia M. Johnson

teacher and local historian
living at Nanaimo, B.C.

A FIFTEEN-FOOT STONE CHIMNEY, in a patch of long grass, is all that is left of old Fort Rupert, a Hudson's Bay Company post on the northeast tip of Vancouver Island. Yet in 1860 Commander R. C. Mayne, writing of his *Four Years in British Columbia and Vancouver Island*, described the fort as 'the newest and best built station of the Hudson Bay Company I have seen, and the gardens are very nicely laid out'.

Fort Rupert was built in 1849, and although it was given up by the Company in 1882, there has been some activity in the region ever since. Today, Port Hardy Airport, a couple of miles away, boasts 'more air traffic than the airport at Saskatoon'. Giant logging operations go on all around, and deep sea freighters put in near Port McNeill in the next bay, to take on cargoes of copper from Cominco's Benson Lake mine. Now Port Hardy is building a whole new townsite to house the miners and their families for the copper development of the Utah Construction and Mining Company. They are preparing to work one of the largest known copper deposits in the world, ten miles north of Port Hardy, and have $400,000,000 contracts to export the copper concentrates to Japanese buyers.

It was mining that brought Fort Rupert into being, although the supplies of coal found there proved to be disappointing. In 1835, according to the journal of William Fraser Tolmie, Indians visiting Fort McLoughlin on Milbanke Sound (near the present settlement of Bella Bella) reported that there were outcrops of 'the soft black stone' on Vancouver Island, about 100 miles to the south. Tolmie notified Dr McLoughlin at Fort Vancouver and the steamer *Beaver* was ordered to stop on her next voyage, to investigate the story. The result was the finding of coal at Beaver Harbour, between the present settlements of Port Hardy and Port McNeill.

The first recorded shipment seems to be in 1846 when H.M. Steam Sloop *Cormorant* took on coal at Suquash, about six miles from the site of Fort Rupert. Here the Indians simply dug the coal from the surface with trade axes. By 1848 the Hudson's Bay Company were making plans to develop the coal fields, and they contracted to sell coal at 50 shillings a ton to the new Pacific Mail Steamship Company which, in 1849, was planning to carry mail between Panama and the Oregon Coast. At this time coal was in great demand. The Americans wanted it, the Hudson's Bay Company needed it, and the British Navy required it for their ships in Pacific waters.

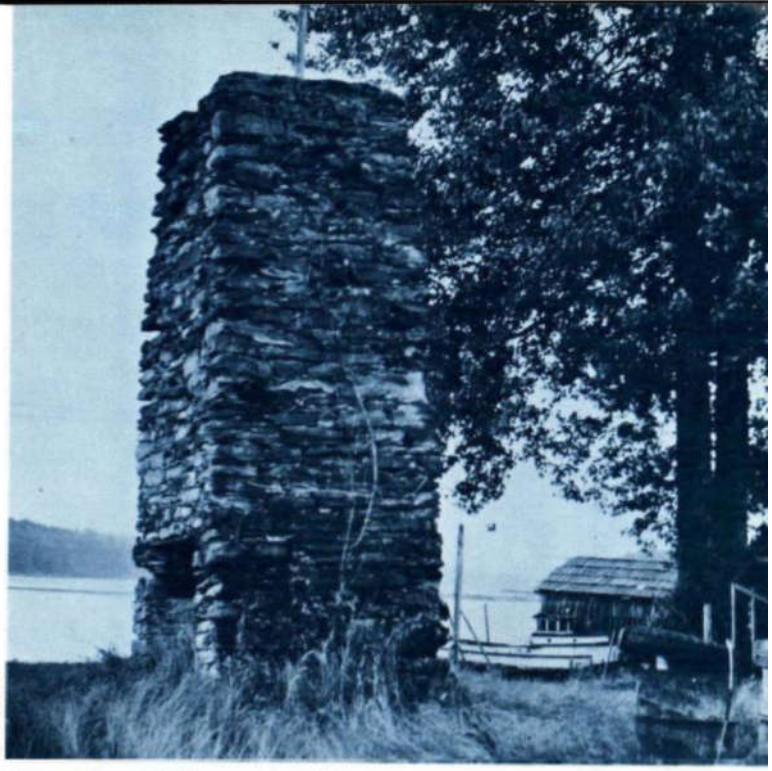
If coal were to be mined, there must be protection for the miners. A fort was built in 1849 under the direction of Chief Trader William Henry McNeill who had once been master of the *Beaver*. It was named Fort Rupert probably in honour of the Company's first governor. The bay on which it stood was called Beaver Harbour. Although the fort was primarily to develop the coal measures, it was also designed for trade to replace Fort McLoughlin which had been closed in 1843. Captain McNeill had about forty white men at the fort, including 'whites, half-breeds, Canadian-Frenchman, and kanakas'. George Blenkinsop was second in command at the fort as Captain McNeill was often away on Company business.

As soon as the new post was started, Indians from near by areas began to move in, and came to settle

immediately beside the fort. They dug the coal and carried it out in their canoes to the waiting ships, and they traded in furs and salmon at the new post. At least four tribes of Kwakiutl Indians moved to Fort Rupert after 1849, and because of this migration, the standing of the chiefs of the various tribes was confused, and there was much rivalry among them. From this came the elaborations of the potlatches and other ceremonials which later made Fort Rupert one of the great centres of Kwakiutl culture, and which brought anthropologists such as Dr Franz Boas to make his famous studies at this place. A little later, totem pole carving became a feature of the Fort Rupert tribes, and many of the poles which were erected were described by Dr Marius Barbeau as the finest examples of native art.

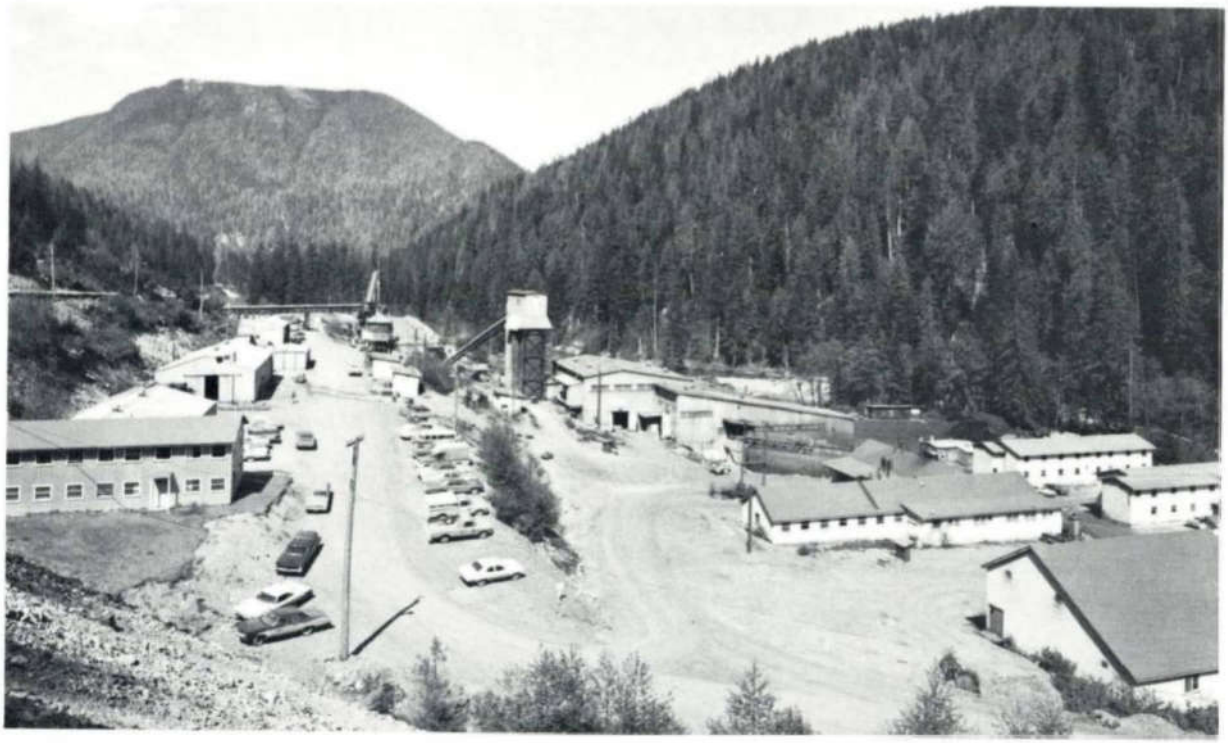
In 1848 the Hudson's Bay Company arranged to bring a group of miners out from Scotland. They travelled to London late in November and, after spending a night at the Jamaica Tavern near the West India Docks, went aboard the barque *Harpooner* which cleared the River Thames on 9 December. Their passage to Vancouver Island took six months.

The miners came mostly from one family, that of John Muir, who was accompanied by his wife, four sons, Andrew, Robert, John (junior), and Michael, and a daughter Marion, and her two children. There was also his nephew, Archibald Muir, and another nephew, John McGregor, who was accompanied by his wife, his sister, and three children. John Smith, the other miner in the party, also had his family with him. John Muir senior was listed as Oversman, while the other men, including nine-year-old Michael Muir, were all listed as colliers and labourers.

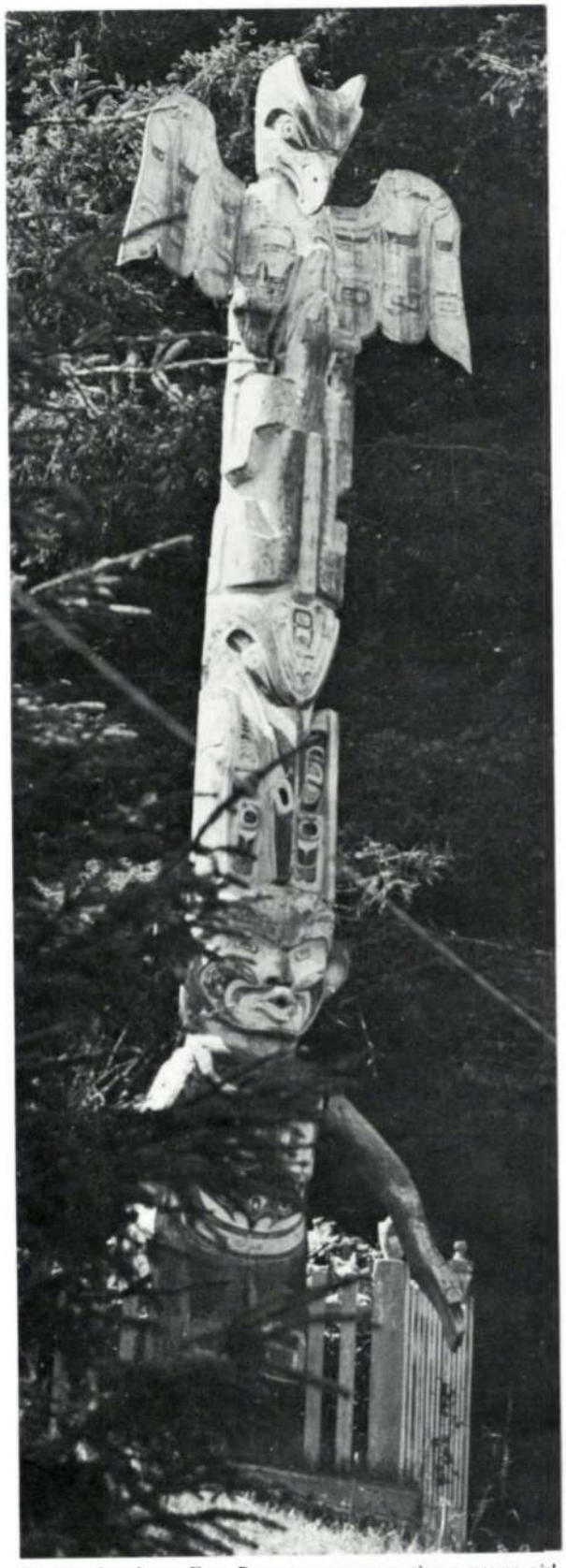


Stone chimney, all that remains of Fort Rupert.

Andrew Muir kept a *Private Diary* from 9 November 1848 to 5 August 1850 and this record is in the British Columbia Archives. From it, there come some interesting comments on the voyage out to Vancouver



Buildings at the Benson Lake copper mine.



Graveyard pole at Fort Rupert commemorating a young girl, with Thunderbird or Kolus at top and Tsonoqua the wild woman of the woods at bottom.

Island. Andrew Muir and John Smith served as stewards on the ship, and Muir recorded that, on December 10th, 'this forenoon the Captain's wife has baked a dumpling herself today for dinner'. On the 13th they got into heavy seas: 'Sometimes I was on top of My Man Archy [his cousin] and at others he was on top of Me. Such is the comfort of a bed on board a ship rolling in the mighty Deep'. On Christmas Day the seas were high, but they enjoyed a 'fine dinner of fresh mutton and potatoes, rum and duff . . . afterwards a little toddy'. The men took their turns at cooking, and there was some grumbling about this for some considered it beneath their dignity, while others did so poor a job that the passengers would not eat their food. An entry on 11 January 1849 showed that Andrew Muir was quick to see what he felt to be an injustice. 'A regular row with Doctor and Capt. about our allowance of provisions being too little, being less than we ought to get from the list of the stores laid in for us which we saw, but we got no redress, they are not willing to do justice . . .'

On 10 February the Boatswain caught a shark, and Andrew Muir 'boiled it and fryed it in the oven for breakfast'. Going round the Horn, early in March, there were more rough seas. 'Archibald and I were at the helm and all hands were employed stowing in all the sails.' Again there was trouble about the food for the beef was bad and it was claimed that the ship's company had eaten the miners' stores first and now the miners were having to use the ship's food. Complaints to the doctor did no good, nor to Mr Wright, the first mate, 'a man of no principle, as he told me one day when I tried to reason with him he said he would listen to no reason . . .' On 17 March there was practically a mutiny because of the condition of the beef, and the men refused to work until a cask of good beef was opened. This was finally done just before the ship reached Valparaiso. On an island nearby they went ashore for water and were given peaches and quinces by some Spaniards living there.

Some farm stock was carried on the ship, and Andrew spent one day shearing the sheep, another seeing one of the captain's turkeys go overboard, but commented that his 'chickens were getting on fine and I have another old hen'. An entry on 9 May, however, records 'I'm sorry to relate the death of one of my hens, which I found out when I got up, peace to its ashes'.

They arrived at Fort Victoria on 1 June 1849, after a brief encounter with Indians off Cape Flattery where they were becalmed. They stayed in Victoria for three months, working at the dockyard. They had discussions with 'Mr Douglas' (Chief Factor James Douglas) concerning their rations, and decided to take '14 lbs. Flour, 10½ lbs. Beef or Venison, or in lieu as much Salmon fresh as should be equivalent, 1 lb. Sugar, 4 oz. Tea, 3 Gills of Rum per week', instead of the one shilling a day to draw on the Company stores. They were also told that anything produced on the Island, such as potatoes, should be given to them free. Leaving Victoria

on 27 August, in the brig *Mary Dare*, they arrived at Beaver Harbour on 24 September 'after a very tedious passage'.

Soon after the miners arrived, trouble began. Several of them, including John Muir, John McGregor and Andrew Muir, went by canoe along the beach towards McNeill Harbour (to the southeast), looking for the best places to begin working the coal. They found only small ribs of coal about two inches thick, and even the surface coal went no deeper than eighteen inches in most places. Then for several days they were helping to build chimneys and houses in the fort, and digging a well. On 25 October they began to sink a pit, half a mile from the fort, but had to dig drains to take away the surface water. This the miners considered to be labourers' work. They had come out here 'to work coal not to look for it and do all manner of work and I consider the Company has broken our agreement as we were only to work as labourers in the event of the coal not succeeding. Now we never saw a coal at all and on speaking about it we were told we should have to work at anything we were put,' wrote Andrew.

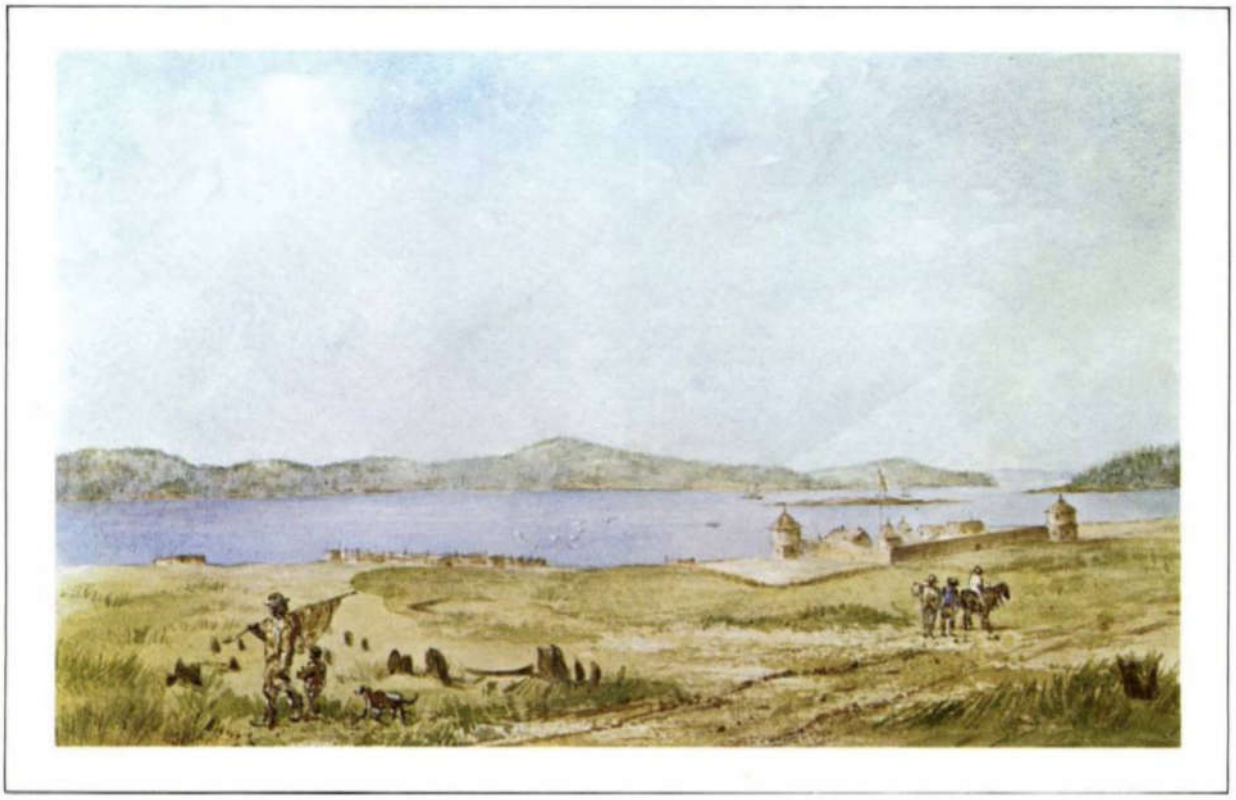
Another problem was the location of the pit outside the fort, and the lack of protection from the Indians who 'have come down and threatened to shoot us'. The miners asked that a picket fence be built around the pit, but this was refused. They also wanted clay for the pit, but this was not forthcoming. So things proceeded, with

B.C. CENTENNIAL

John Muir, overman of the miners.

NATIONAL MUSEUMS OF CANADA

Men of the Kwakiutl village of Koskimo on the northwest coast, in 1885.



An anonymous sketch made in May 1866 of Fort Rupert overlooking Beaver Harbour.

little coal being obtained, the Indians becoming more and more of a problem, and George Blenkinsop, in charge of the fort, angry with the men because of their complaints.

Matters came to a head on 16 April 1850 when the miners stopped work because they were 'without assistance and protection'. On the 22nd they returned to work, but were sinking wells, digging drains, and blasting rock, all of which they regarded as work for labourers, not miners. Andrew Muir claimed that they were short of food, and that fish and meat brought to them by the Indians was taken away by officers of the fort who said they they alone had the right to trade with the natives. Apparently the Indians were becoming difficult to deal with, and the Company officers, faced with the danger of a native uprising and disobedience on the part of the younger miners, decided to adopt stern measures. George Blenkinsop seemed to antagonize the men repeatedly, and on 26 April he charged Andrew Muir with 'neglect of duty and a penalty of 50 pounds'. Andrew's reply to that was 'I was doing as well as I was able and I never was acquainted with such work as taking out roots'. Blenkinsop went on to accuse Andrew Muir of being 'a rebellious person and kept the men off their duty'. This Muir regarded as defamation of character, and declared that he would stop work until matters were settled. For the next week he and John McGregor went hunting, took a canoe out to the nearby islands, and visited the Indian village where about 3,000 Indians were now assembled.

On May 2nd the *Beaver* arrived at the fort and on the following morning Captain McNeill called the miners in and, along with Blenkinsop and Charles Beardmore, the Company clerk, proceeded to threaten the men and order them back to work. When they refused, and demanded 'to be fairly tried by English law', Andrew Muir and John McGregor were put in irons, imprisoned in the fort's bastion, and kept on bread and water. Here they remained for a week, when they were brought before McNeill, Blenkinsop, Beardmore, Captain Dodd of the *Beaver* and Dr J. S. Helmcken, the fort surgeon, who was also to serve as justice of the peace when trouble began. They were asked to return to work, but had now decided to make an issue of the whole matter, and 'would do no more until our case was tried and settled'. They were kept within the confines of the fort, but allowed to walk about and live in their own houses.

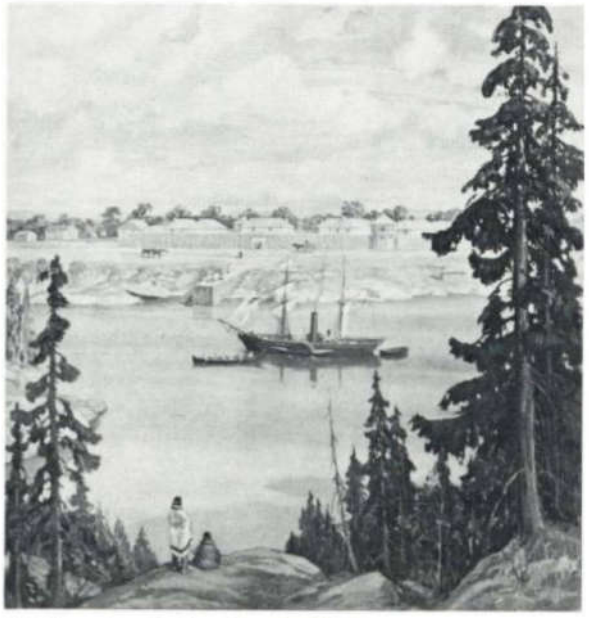
By this time the whole fort was in an uproar. No work was being done, the Indians were threatening an invasion, and the miners were anxious to leave. Tales of gold in California made them feel that they should get away as soon as possible, and the slightest word or incident was turned against the officers of the Company. On 23 May an American ship, the *Massachusetts* arrived for coal, and more talk of the gold rush was received. The following morning the barque *England* bound for

California, came in to pick up coal. Beardmore was 'running about with Indians looking for surface coal', and the two miners, Andrew Muir and John McGregor, took advantage of the situation. They left the fort and went aboard the *England*, where they presumably made some plans for their departure at a later date.

In the meantime, three crew men from one of the Company ships, either the *Beaver* or the *Norman Morison*, had deserted in Victoria, and were supposed to be aboard the *England*. They left the *England* when she put in to Fort Rupert, and hid in the woods until she should be ready to sail. A party of Indians from the fort were asked to go and find the deserters and bring them back. Andrew Muir states that Blenkinsop 'offered the Indians 10 blankets for each of their heads should they bring them back only their heads', but other writers claim that the offer was 10 blankets 'per head', or for each man, and that there was no thought of inciting the Indians to kill the seamen. No matter what the interpretation, the three deserters were killed by the Indians, and the bodies of two of them, Charles and George Wishart, were eventually brought to Fort Rupert and buried there. Ships of the Royal Navy, first the *Daedalus* with Governor Blanshard from Victoria on board, and then the *Daphne* searched for the murderers who belonged to the Newittee tribe to the north. Finally their village at Bull Harbour was destroyed, and the Indians themselves executed the 'murderers'. Their bodies were taken to Fort Rupert and buried near to those of the seamen who had been killed.

While this was going on, Andrew Muir and John McGregor decided 'to make for some Christian place – since we could get neither rights nor privileges', so they went off in a canoe on July 2nd. After several days, probably hidden by the Newittee Indians, they were picked up by the *England*, along with several of the other miners and their families, and taken to San Francisco. Andrew Muir's journal ends on 5 August 1850 when he 'took the women and some of their luggage on board the *Regulus*'.

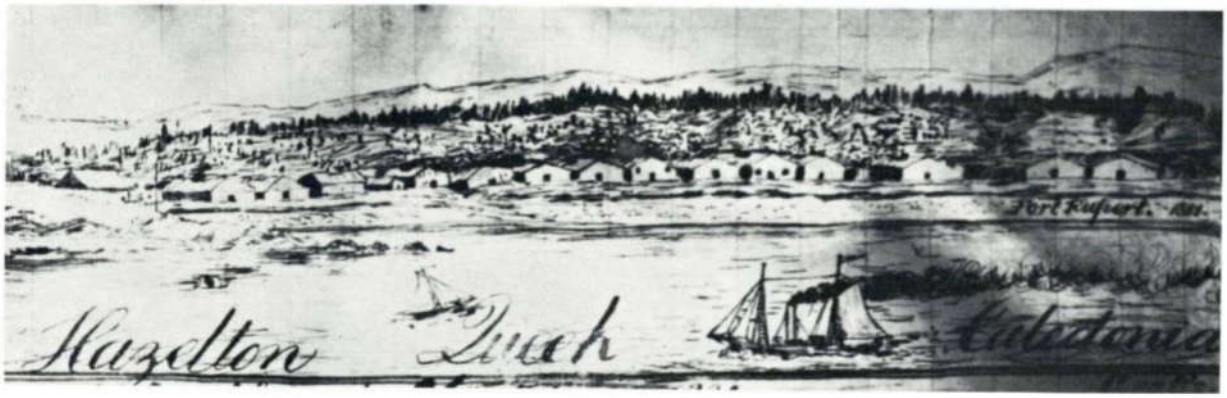
So mining came to a stop at Fort Rupert. All the miners had left, except John Muir senior, and probably



S.S. 'Beaver' at the Fort Victoria of 1846, from a painting by A. Sherriff Scott for H B C.

Michael and some of the women. By 1851 John Muir was purchasing land at Sooke, near Victoria, but in 1852 was again working for the Company as oversman when coal mining was started at Nanaimo. The following year he purchased more land at Sooke from holdings which had been originally taken by Captain Walter Colquhoun Grant, who had come to Vancouver Island on the *Harpooner* at the same time as the Muirs.

Andrew Muir was back in Victoria in 1851, presenting a memorial to Governor Blanshard, charging that they had 'been grossly mistreated by the officers' of the Hudson's Bay Company, and had returned to seek redress. Blanshard seemed to side with the miners, but after his expedition to Fort Rupert in 1850 aboard the *Daedalus*, he was reprimanded by the British Colonial Office for his action, and ordered to pay his own



B.C. ARCHIVES

The 'Hazelton Queek' in 1881 carried a sketch of the Indian village at Fort Rupert.

expenses for the journey. It is little wonder that he left Vancouver Island soon afterwards, finding that his position as colonial governor was so difficult. The Hudson's Bay Company in England, on receiving reports of the Fort Rupert affair, realized that their officers had over-stepped their legal rights. Governor Pelly wrote a strong rebuke to Chief Factor Douglas at Victoria, and stated that McNeill, Blenkinsop and Beardmore, had no legal right to imprison the miners or put them in irons.

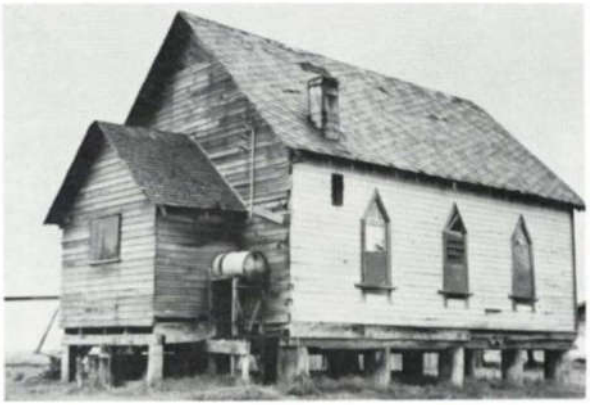
George Blenkinsop remained at Fort Rupert until he was sent south to Fort Colvile, as Chief Trader. He returned to Fort Rupert in 1859 as second in command under Hamilton Moffat. After that, he became an Indian Agent, first on the West Coast, and later at Fort Rupert, where he stayed until his death in 1904.

Andrew Muir, along with his brother, Michael, and his cousin, Archie, all purchased land at Sooke where, at Woodside Farm, they carried on a farming and logging operation. Archie Muir eventually returned to the mines, for he was killed in the mine explosion in Nanaimo in 1887. Andrew Muir died in 1859. John McGregor and his family went to Nanaimo in 1852 to help open the coal mines there.

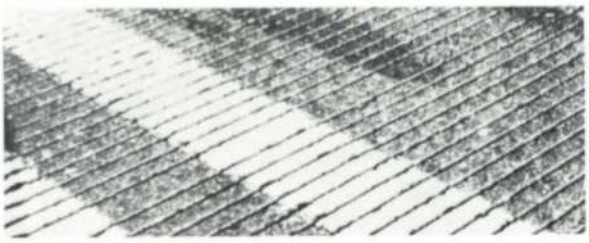
When the Muirs and McGregors came to the new Nanaimo mines, orders were sent from James Douglas to Joseph W. McKay (or Mackay), in charge of the new fort, that the miners were under the special orders of John Muir, 'and you will please to avoid all interference with them directly, giving any instructions you have to give through Mr Muir himself, but in no case directly to the men under his orders . . . the miners are allowed 1 shilling per diem instead of rations and will therefore provide their own provisions which will save you much trouble'. A lesson had been learnt about dealing with Scottish miners who were proud of their skill and needed for their work.

But coal mining at Fort Rupert was not quite ended after the departure of the *England*. John Muir stayed on for a time and in 1851 a few more miners arrived including Boyd Gilmour and his nephew, Robert Dunsmuir, and their families. In the same year, some mine machinery was brought out from England and shipped to Fort Rupert in the *Tory*. But the venture did not seem to be worth while and when the Nanaimo mines were opened all the miners and the machinery were moved there. Gilmour became the overseer of mining operations in Nanaimo when John Muir's contract expired in 1854 and he went to Sooke. Robert Dunsmuir eventually opened his own mines, and achieved fame and fortune proceeding from 'Coalmine to Castle'.

This was the end of coal mining, but certainly not the end of Fort Rupert. Had there really been enough coal to have made the venture worth while? This question may be answered by Capt. Grant, who had settled at Sooke, but returned to England and gave a detailed account to the Royal Geographical Society in 1857 saying small seams a few inches thick were found but –



Abandoned Indian village church on piles over tidal flats.



Ribbed airport runway at Port Hardy.

All efforts to find workable coal under the surface at Beaver Harbour have hitherto proved totally unsuccessful; and the country in the neighbourhood has been so thoroughly examined by Mr Gilmore [sic], that there appears little reason for hope for any further discoveries in that quarter. . . . As the Indian trade there is unimportant, and it was principally fixed on with a view to the coal, it is probable that it will ere long be abandoned.

However, Fort Rupert remained. Charles Beardmore, clerk at the fort, writing to Dr Tolmie in 1849, headed his letter 'Beaver Harbour, Fort Go A Head'. He stated that the site was chosen for the fort by the side of a stream and that 'the pickets are up, the Trading House under Weigh [sic], Masters' Palace erected and I have made for myself a snug little log house where I mean to reside for the winter'. He adds that the front pickets had been whitewashed, and that the beach was full of clam shell, and the woods full of salal berries.

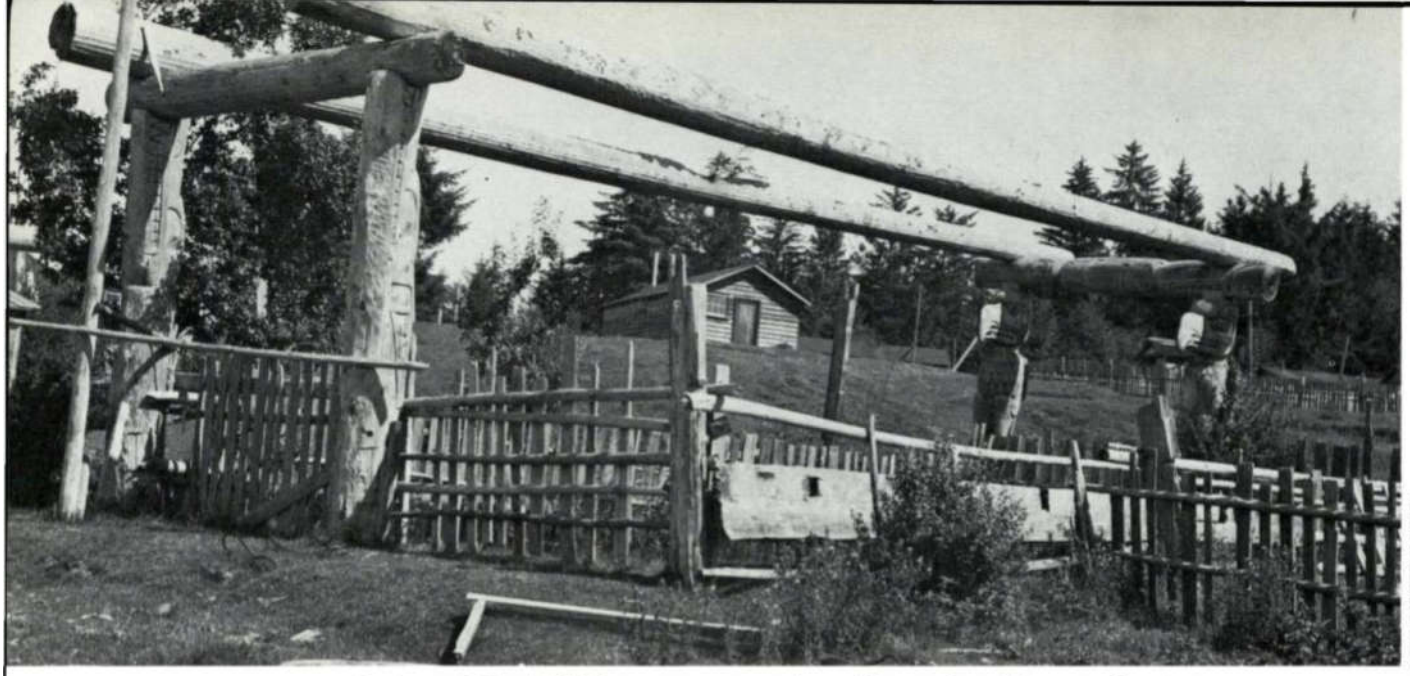
In 1850 Dr John Sebastian Helmcken wrote from Fort Rupert to a friend in London: 'Here I am in a fort 80 yards square, situated on the borders of the densest forest this earth can produce, with only about three acres of cleared land, which has been made with an awful deal of trouble, in order to grow potatoes, and a few other vegetables, upon which we have to depend'. He added that the establishment had fifty sheep, six cows and calves, and six horses, and that there were plenty of wild deer, birds, and fish. Of the inhabitants of the fort he listed twenty English, twenty Canadian, ten Sandwich Islanders, and six Scotch miners with wives and families. 'Me, the chief trader and a clerk . . . not sufficient for a game of whist'. There were 3,000 Indians whom he described as 'a fine race, but woefully dirty'.

Old Houses at Fort Rupert before the bank of clamshells was removed to make the foundation of the runway (left).

After most of the miners had left the fort in the summer of 1850, Helmcken wrote to Douglas, submitting his resignation. He said there was too much trouble at the fort, he feared for his life as there was not protection against the 3,000 Indians, and that the fort should be abandoned. In October of that year, he declared that he had nothing to do now that mining was at a standstill, and the only patients he had were one man and two children with sore throats. He wrote that he would leave the Company's service at once unless he could be moved. And moved he was, back to Victoria. Apparently there had been occasional amusement for him at Fort Rupert when visiting ships came in for coal. There is a humourous little document in the British Columbia Archives in which Dr Helmcken is made an honorary member of the 'Independent Order of Antediluvian Eccentrics' under 'the name and title of Superannuated Rhubarb'. This was in May, 1850 on board a United States ship, and it is signed by the other members of the Order, presumably the ship's officers, under the titles of 'Amputating Sawbones, Dilapidated Piston, Hard Knock, Old Injection Pipe, Petrified Crawfish, and Short Horned Condenser'. Such was the life of a Hudson's Bay Company doctor at an isolated settlement.

A count taken of the 'white' men living on Vancouver Island in 1853 showed a total of 450; giving Victoria 300, Nanaimo 125, and Fort Rupert 50. How this figure was arrived at is a matter of speculation, as the totals are certainly not correct.

Fort Rupert in 1856 was described by a most reliable observer. Hamilton Moffat, who later took charge of the fort, was working as a surveyor for the Company, and had crossed Vancouver Island between Nootka on the west coast, by way of Nimpkish Lake and Nimpkish River, to the east coast where the river reaches the sea about 20 miles south of Beaver Harbour. Moffat stayed at Fort Rupert and 'admired the well kept garden outside the stockade. Part of the fort was encroaching onto the Indian village. Bastions stood at two corners opposite each other. These two Bastions were squared at the bottom, octagonal at the top, with loop holes for muskets at the top. Four cannon stood ready at the bottom of the bastions.' Of the buildings, he mentioned that the officers' quarters were 90 feet by 40 feet, and that a stockade surrounded the living quarters which included four large houses. The trading store had been built of timbers which had been brought from Fort Wrangell in 1849. The miners' houses were in the centre of the stockade and a huge stone fireplace was beside them to serve as a communal kitchen. Moffat also described the shallow waters of Beaver Harbour with its tidal flats, and even today the Indian houses built along the beach are constructed on piles to be above a high tide. (Today the space under the house often serves as a drying area, for clotheslines are stretched out between the piles under the house.) Moffat mentioned the huge beds of clam shell, beds half a mile wide, fifty feet high and two miles long. These are no longer in evidence, for when the Port Hardy Airport was built, a few miles away, in World War II, the surface of the airport was constructed from truckloads of these clam shells scooped up from the beach of Beaver Harbour.



Sea-lion and Thunderbird house posts support the roof beams of an old house at Fort Rupert, removed in 1947 to the University of British Columbia for safe keeping.

Although there was no more coal mining, Moffat wrote that there was trade in furs and in salmon, the latter being taken to Victoria in barrels, sometimes smoked. 'Salmon were bought from the Indians at One Salmon for One leaf of Tobacco' and were used for food supplies at other Company posts.

Moffat mentions that the wealthier Indians felt that they gained status by adopting a white man's surname, and that they were willing to pay for this privilege, sometimes in furs and sometimes in cash. A later writer states that a long name such as 'Shaughnessy' was worth $10, while a shorter one, such as 'Harris', only rated a $5 payment.

In 1857 Dr John K. Lord, the naturalist with the British Boundary Commission, made a trip to Fort Rupert, and this was recorded in a London periodical in 1865. Lord was on board the *Otter* which took on coal at Nanaimo, and here he found that the captain of the ship had been asked by an Indian chief to go to Fort Rupert to buy back a captured Indian woman seized by the Fort Rupert Indians in a raid on the Nanaimo tribes. So the ship went north to Beaver Harbour which Lord describes in his usual graphic manner. 'The so-called harbour being nothing but an open roadstead, is disagreably rough; a heavy sea rolls angrily in, dashing foamy breakers on the rocky coastline.' They anchored about a mile from shore, and fired a gun until canoes came out for them. They then lowered a boat and went towards shore where the Hudson's Bay trader awaited them. Lord was lifted ashore by the Indians, presented a letter to the Chief Trader, and then had to shake hands with all the Indian chiefs before going into the fort for the night. Next morning the picture had changed. '. . . the harbour smooth as a lake . . . vast piles of craggy mountains clad from the snow line to the sea with dense, pure forests; not an open grassy spot . . .' Today there is an unusual area of 'grassy spots' along the bay, for the trees have long since been cleared. He wrote of the fort:

> The Trading Post is a square enclosed by immense trees . . . a platform about the height of an ordinary man from the top of the pickets, is carried along the sides of this square . . . The entrance is closed by two massive gates, an inner and outer; all the houses – the chief trader's, employees', trading house, fur room and stores – are within the square. The trade room is cleverly contrived so as to prevent a sudden rush of Indians; the approach from outside the pickets is by a long narrow passage, bent at an acute angle near the window of the trade room, being only of a sufficient width to admit one savage at a time (this precaution is necessary in as much as, were the passage straight, they would inevitably shoot the trader).
>
> At the angle nearest the Indian village are two bastions, octagonal in shape, and of a very doubtful style of architecture. Four embrasures in each bastion would lead the uninitiated to believe in the existence of as many formidable cannons; with rammers, sponges, neat piles of round shot and grape . . . Imagine my surprise on entering this fortress to discover all this a pleasant fiction: two small rusty carronades, buried in the accumulated dust and rubbish of years, that no human power could have loaded, were the sole occupants of the mouldy old turrets.

Lord asked the trader if the cannon had ever been fired. The trader laughed, 'There is a tradition that at some remote period the guns were actually fired, not *at* the rebellious natives, but over their heads, instead of being terror-stricken at the white man's thunder, away they all scampered in pursuit of the ball, found it, and, marching in triumph back to the fort gate, offered to trade it, that it might be fired again.'

Lord concludes his story by describing his visit to the Indian village with the rows of square huts with totems and carvings. Here he, the trader, and the ship's captain negotiated the ransom of the Indian woman, who, for the price of thirty blankets and two trade guns (about £50 sterling), was returned to the Nanaimo people.

Another well-known Englishman who visited Fort Rupert was Commander R. C. Mayne, whose *Four Years in British Columbia* was published in 1862. Mayne served as Lieutenant on H.M.S. *Plumper*, under Captain

Richards who was making surveys of the shores of Vancouver Island and the mainland in 1857. Later, he commanded the *Hecate*. He was interested in the trade of Fort Rupert, and wondered why more salmon were not purchased from the Indians, cured and sold in the Sandwich Islands. The amount of salmon caught in the area was very great (as is still the case today) and at one time '3000 salmon were used annually as manure for the garden' at the fort, a garden from which 'the produce of vegetables and flowers is yearly most luxuriant'. This is one of the unusual features of Fort Rupert, for most of the coastline is so steep and rocky that such cultivation can rarely be attempted.

Mayne went on to study the fur trade at the post, and gave details of the number and value of furs and skins collected in 1859:

	Number	Price Given	Total cost £	s	d	Total value in England £	s	d
Bear skins	250	1 blanket each	81	5	0	500		
Marten	2000	6 for 1 blanket	108	4	0	2015		
Minx	5000	30 for 1 blanket	54	5	0	1250		
Land Otter	250	1 blanket each	81	5	0	200		
Beaver	600	2 for 1 blanket	97	10	0	150		
Lynx	100	3 for 1 blanket	10	14	0	20		
Fox	50	3 for 1 blanket	5	7	0	15		
Sea Otter	50	12 blankets each	195	0	0	750		
Fishers	50	3 for 1 blanket	5	4	0	42	10	0
Racoon	1000	12 for 1 blanket	4	3	0	275		
Rabbits	5000	1 leaf of tobacco each	2	10	0	Not sent home.		
Wolverine	60	3 for 1 blanket	6	10	0	21		
Wolf	12	3 for 1 blanket	1	6	0	3	10	0
Fur seal	60	2 for 1 blanket	8	7	0	150		
Hair seal	60	12 leaves of tobacco each	0	9	0	8		
Musk Rat	100	4 leaves of tobacco each	0	5	0	5		
Silver Fox	–	----	-	-	-	--------		
			£660	4	0	£5405	0	0

Mayne calculated: 'If then we add to the cost of furs 600 pounds for the expense of the post, we have 1260 pounds against 5405 pounds, showing a profit of more than 4100 pounds yearly on this establishment, which is considered by the Company as one of their least profitable stations.' This did not include shipping costs.

Commander Mayne was also able to see the value of the timber of Vancouver Island, and remarked that 'though timber abounds in British Columbia, we came upon no place there where such fine spars were to be found, and with such facilities for shipping as at . . . the neighbourhood of Fort Rupert'.

He showed great interest in the local Indians, and was delighted when 'Whale, one of the Quaw-guult [Kwakiutl] chiefs, showed me his masks, which he kept carefully locked up in a large box. One . . . wooden head, large enough to take his own inside easily, and I think meant for an eagle'. He heard that the Indians asked that missionaries be sent, as the Tsimshian tribes to the north were learning to read and write, and 'Why was Mr Duncan sent past Rupert to Fort Simpson, and no one sent to us?' This was the Protestant missionary-teacher, William Duncan.

There had been Roman Catholic priests in the area from time to time, but no permanent mission, so in 1878, the Church Missionary Society in England sent the Reverend A. J. Hall to Fort Rupert. He wrote in June, 'I have now been at this camp for 3 months. You will be glad to hear that I am very happy in my work'. He felt that the white man had brought the Indians 'sin and disease', and was resolved to teach them better ways. 'I commenced school on April 1, and have been very much encouraged with this part of my work. The attendance has averaged 25, but I have had 50, many of them adults . . . I have been able to hold two services every Sunday, and sometimes I have had 80 attend,' with the Rev. Mr Hall playing the hymn tunes 'on my English concertina'. He describes a visit by three English officers of the Guards who had come out on a hunting trip, and who attended the Sunday service. 'The wives of the chiefs came in their state dresses, viz. scarlet cloth blankets, on which were devices (e.g. an eagle) worked with pearl buttons. This was in honour of the "3 white chiefs".'

Mr Hall had two rooms at the fort, and boarded with Mr Robert Hunt, the officer in charge, who had a big family and who wanted his children to have some schooling. Mr Hunt bought a large Indian house near the fort for forty blankets, and it was used for a school and for the church services. Mr Hunt's son acted as interpreter for, as Mr Hall wrote, 'These people cannot be hurried, and I expect to be here two years to learn their language'.

Hall described the country as 'very beautiful and the climate is healthy', but felt that there was much work to be done among the Indians, not only at Fort Rupert, but at nineteen other villages within a radius of 20 to 80 miles. For that reason he moved, in 1879, to Alert Bay on Cormorant Island, where he remained for nearly 32 years, learning the language, translating books into the local Indian tongue, and setting up a school. Alert Bay became a centre of Anglican Church activity, and In-

Logging operations near Port Hardy.

Robert and Mary Hunt outside the former H B C house at Fort Rupert in 1885 with children and grandchildren; the bearded man is the Indian agent.

dians, fishermen, and local residents alike shared in the activities of the church, the school and a hospital which were built there.

An empty store stands at Fort Rupert, and there is an interesting history behind it. Recently, a number of record and account books, some dating back to 1857, were handed over to the British Columbia Archives, and these give some idea of trading activities and life at Fort Rupert up to 1890. Hamilton Moffat was in charge of Fort Rupert in 1857, and he records that fur receipts, mostly beaver, otter and marten, were good, and that firewood and wooden shingles were shipped from the fort on the *Beaver*. At this time there were 'only 5 men there, exclusive of the cook and watchman'. In 1858 he was able to send out 1,500 marten skins, along with more wooden shingles and fish oil. At the same time, he complained that the three-point blankets were no good for trade as the Indians would only take '2½ point and blue blankets', and that if the fort were to remain there must be repairs made as 'I am in terror lest a stiff breeze of wind may at any time level an entire side'. A year later he was still trying to get rid of the three-point blankets, and sent them off to Victoria as 'they have been here for years and are of no service'.

In 1862 trade had declined and whisky sellers were demoralizing the Indians. Smallpox spread to Fort Rupert in June and five natives died, while Moffat 'vaccinated more than 100 Indians'. Moffat himself wanted a transfer, but promotion was slow in coming, and in 1863 he was still asking for repairs to be done at the fort, and requested '10,000 Bricks and 12 Barrels of Lime' to repair the chimneys of the dwelling house.

The Company servants at Fort Rupert in 1864 were listed as: F. N. Compton, clerk at a salary of £100, Robert Hunt, trader at £50, four labourers at £30 each, and George Hunt, labourer at £10. Mention of Robert Hunt opens up another period in the life of Fort Rupert.

Robert Hunt came from England to work for the Company, first at Fort Rupert, and then at Port Simpson. He married a chief's daughter of the Tongas (from the Tlingits of Southern Alaska), and then came to live at Fort Rupert. In 1883 he bought the trading post when the Hudson's Bay Company withdrew, and he carried on the store and occupied the Company house. He had eleven children and one of his sons, George Hunt, helped Dr Boas with his researches into the culture of the Kwakiutl Indians. A daughter, Mrs Elizabeth Wilson, was living at Fort Rupert in 1947, and she provided much information on local Indian customs and totem carvings for Dr Marius Barbeau of the National Museum. Some of her reminiscences appeared in *The Beaver*, December 1946. Robert Hunt died at Fort Rupert and is buried there in the graveyard at the top of a slope overlooking the site of the fort. Many of his descendants still live in the neighbourhood and are active in the nearby communities. Nick Cadwallader, for many years mayor of Port Hardy, is Robert Hunt's grandson. Commenting on the new mining project of the Utah Copper Company in 1970 he looked back on the history of Port Hardy and Fort Rupert and said, 'All the town's problems have come out of the ground. It's right that its riches should come from there too'.

Robert Hunt's store account books give an idea of the type of goods most in demand. Tea, vermilion, red cotton, sugar, a Balmoral skirt, molasses and soap were sold to one woman in the seventies. In 1879 the labourers' account lists the goods traded to the Indian cook and to the other workers for packing skins, shipping cords of wood, planting the garden, making spruce beer, and purchasing a cedar bark mat. The rate of exchange for local produce obtained from the Indians that year was 4 biscuits for 2 duck and 1 goose, 1¼ lbs of tobacco for 15 rock cod and 1 halibut, 4 bars of soap for 24 flounders and 50 gulls' eggs, and 2 gills of powder for 8

salmon. Three blue 2½ point blankets were traded for 1 large black bear skin, and 1 cotton handkerchief for a hair seal. The furs and hides most often listed were otter, raccoon, fur seal, hair seal, wolf, wolverine, panther, black bear, goat, elk, marten, and deer. Fish oil continued to be an item of trade.

In May 1889 an entry records that 'Big House, fowl house, cook house and closet got burnt to the ground at 2.30 a.m. How it got on fire no one seems to know'. This was reported also in the *Colonist* at Victoria on 6 June with an account of the 'removal by flames' of an old landmark, the Officers' Quarters of the Fort.

The following year Robert Hunt records that on the night of 21 November 'my store was broken into, and a tin Pan that I kept the cash in was stolen. The cash that was in it the same day . . . was $96.50 . . . I suspected 2 Indians of doing the robbery and told them so and tried their Boats in the tracks which they made. One of their boats fitted the track exactly, so I put the blame on him, and told him that if he would get my money back and pay for the broken window I would not say any more about it. So after some talk amongst the Indians they brought in the money $96.50 and that settles it so far as I am concerned.'

A year later, Mr Hunt made an agreement with A. E. Johnston, builder, to construct for him a seven roomed house with two coats of paint in and out, for $1,200, with fence and veranda extra. A wood house, water closet, and cattle house were built a little later.

So the old fort acquired new buildings, though Captain Walbran, writing of Fort Rupert in 1906, mentioned that nearly all the original buildings had been taken down, 'but a large Indian village remains'. A newspaper account of the fort in 1935, mentions that Mr and Mrs William Cadwallader were still living at the fort and operating the store. They continued to do so until 'Bill' Cadwallader died in 1968. His widow and some of her family still occupy the beautifully built old house beside the store. The store itself is in good repair.

Not much remains of the garden except old apple trees through which English honeysuckle twines, a laurel bush grown to the height of an enormous tree, and a red rambler rose which climbs up the side of the old stone chimney.

The Indian village is still inhabited, although its famous totem poles have long since gone. Chief Mungo Martin, one of the great Indian carvers, was born in Fort Rupert, and expressed a wish to return there before he died. 'I longed for the smell of the tall firs—to hear again the cry of the eagle and the raven.' A memorial pole carved by his son-in-law and grandson, Henry and Tony Hunt, was erected by his grave at Alert Bay (see *The Beaver*, Spring 1971). Along the beach beyond the Indian village, land is set aside for a park, and there are still some tall firs, and many an eagle and raven. Coal has long been forgotten, but the salmon and the timber, described by Commander Mayne, have brought wealth to the area. Now the copper developments beyond Port Hardy will again bring mining to northern Vancouver Island, and aircraft, ferries and the long awaited highway will bring new settlers and visitors to the region of old Fort Rupert. ◆

F. M. JOHNSON

Store run by members of the Hunt family.

The modern Fort Rupert Indian village.

B.C. GOVERNMENT

SIKSIK

Story and photographs by **FRED BRUEMMER**

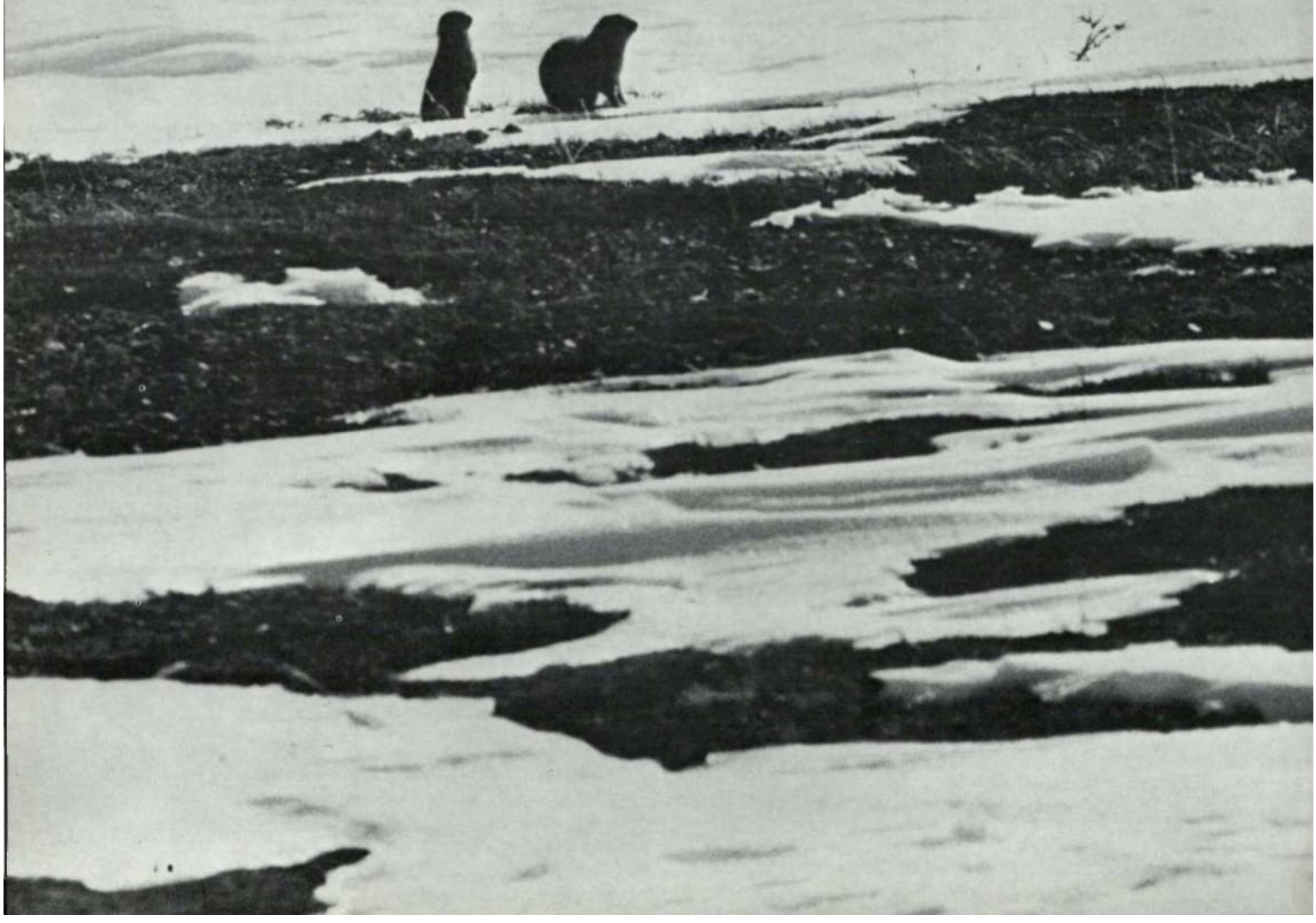
ITS REAL NAME is Arctic Ground Squirrel *Citellus* (or *Spermophilus*) *undulatus*. But throughout Canada's arctic mainland, from Hudson Bay to the Yukon, the pert little animal is known by its delightful onomatopoeic Eskimo name 'siksik' ('hic-hic' in some Eskimo dialects, 'shik-shik' in others).

There were several siksik colonies near Ekalun's camp at Bathurst Inlet, where I lived for half a year. The squirrels who, just prior to hibernation in October had weighed a plump three pounds, emerged lean and hungry in early May, having lost more than half their weight during winter's long sleep. For eight months, deep down in their burrows, they had dwelt in the shadow of death, their body motors barely idling. Body temperature had dropped from a normal 98 degrees F. to near freezing, and they breathed only once or twice each minute. Now the warmth of the spring sun had awakened them, and they had tunnelled upward through deep snow drifts to cope with the three main worries of siksik existence: to find food; to obtain territory and a mate; and to avoid being eaten by enemies.

Tracks in the snow showed wolves patrolled the siksik colonies. I often saw foxes near them, and occasionally, a great arctic owl swooped down on silent wings and squeezed the life out of an unwary siksik with its long talons. At this time, a conflict of interest arose between Rosie, Ekalun's wife, and me. While I spent patient hours photographing siksiks, Rosie was busy trapping my most co-operative subjects. At night they boiled in the pot, pink paws curving pathetically from the bubbling broth. The Eskimos ate them with relish (they taste like chicken), and I in sorrow, thinking of the happy hours we had spent together. In Alaska siksiks are also extensively hunted for their skins, and are known as 'parka squirrels'.

Male siksiks were busy staking out territory. Preferred areas were well-drained sandy slopes and ridges. Here, attracted by dung and disturbed earth, special plant communities grow up, often in such dense and typical clusters that old burrow systems can be spotted from afar. This prime real estate was the cause of acrimonious fighting among males. Poorer areas fell to weaker males. The losers had to content themselves with shallow holes in marginal regions, probably doomed to bachelorhood, since siksik belles, with a fine sense for the practical, choose their mates not for looks but property.

Since the males are somewhat sloppy housekeepers, the females immediately get busy with a major home cleaning. They dig new tunnels, excavate a roomy nur-



sery and lug in mouthfuls of dry grass for a comfortable bed. The male, its duty done, quickly loses interest in family life, and maintains, from then on, *chambre à part*.

The young, usually five to eight, are born after a 25-day gestation period, and about two weeks later the most venturesome appear at the burrow entrances to explore the world outside. They are real innocents abroad, but one thing they know instinctively. The moment they hear the warning cry of a siksik, they nip back down the hole. Siksiks have an excellent alarm system. Every minute or so, a foraging squirrel sits bolt upright, and looks carefully all around. The moment it sees danger, it begins to call its warning and the cry is picked up by all its neighbours, who rise high on their hind legs, trying to locate the enemy. The closer an enemy comes to a siksik, the louder it screams, a rich, raucous string of maledictions (anyway, that's the way it sounds). As a fox or wolf moves through siksik area, its progress is pinpointed and passed on by a sound-wave of warning calls.

Sometimes, though, siksiks who are very fond of meat come asking for trouble. One once invaded our camp in the early hours of the morning. He traipsed pertly past a string of twelve tethered sled dogs who broke the moorings of their collective chain. The siksik dashed into our tent, the twelve huskies followed in hot pursuit, and there was instant pandemonium. What moments before had been a peacefully sleeping camp, was abruptly transformed into a field of wild battle, with the siksik, screaming murder, darting into every conceivable hiding place. We finally disentangled ourselves from dogs, chains, blankets, and howling infants, just in time to see the siksik shoot out of the tent, chittering, we fancied, with malicious glee.

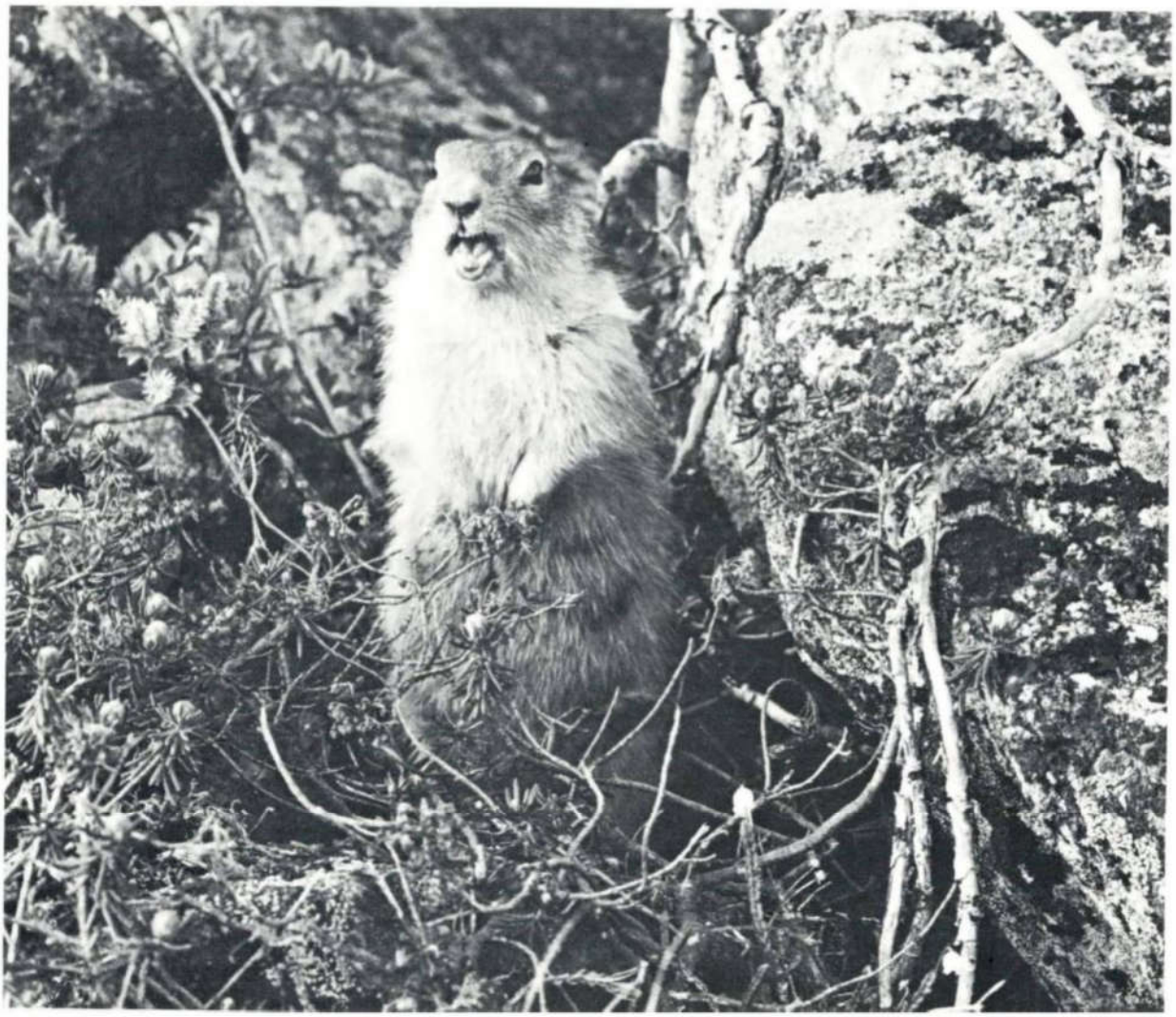
At a prospector's camp, the men made a pet of a neighbouring siksik. It quickly learnt their meal hours and came to join them. It loved raisins, cereals, boiled (but not raw) potatoes, and apples, but best of all it liked ham. For such a treat the siksik would even crawl onto a man's lap and allow itself to be petted.

The siksik's most fearsome enemy is the rare Barren Ground Grizzly. Occasionally, in our long travels across the tundra in search of caribou, we found the remnants of a grizzly-raided squirrel colony. It looked impressive. Large areas lay excavated, as if a steam shovel had been at work, and there was no sign of siksiks in the area. The Eskimos said that after a year or two new siksik proprietors would take over the devastated burrow system and rebuild it.

In addition to its home burrow, which may be quite a labyrinthine structure with up to seventy feet of tunnels, several chambers, and as many as fifty exits, a squirrel also has many shallow emergency shelters in its territory. A siksik leaves its burrow very cautiously. A dark, twitching nose appears, the head inches up a bit further, the black, slightly protuberant eyes look worriedly about, and slowly, with infinite caution, low mutterings, and many feigned retreats to provoke a hidden enemy into betraying himself, the siksik finally emerges, sits upright near its burrow and inspects the countryside long and carefully. (Scientists, who like to know these things exactly, report siksiks spend 14 per cent. of their active time in observation.)

Satisfied that all is well, the siksik runs off to find some food. It busily digs up roots, pulls them out with its long incisors, snips them off, holds them in its front paws, sits on its haunches and munches contentedly. It is fond of berries and collects them avidly. A mushroom, another favourite food, lures it farther afield. Too far. Seeing an enemy in the distance, but feeling itself as yet undetected, the squirrel executes what one observer has called the 'tundra glide': making itself as flat and inconspicuous as possible, it creeps homeward in haste. Only when it reaches its burrow does it stand up on its hind legs, to sound the loud siksik warning cry. If surprised suddenly, a siksik will dash back to its burrow, or duck into the nearest emergency hole.

After an undisturbed meal, a siksik returns home at a leisurely pace, picking up titbits en route, and then proceeds to groom itself long and fastidiously. It cleans its



face with its front paws, brushing away crumbs of earth and food, combs the body hair, scratches vigorously to keep the fleas hopping, and ends its toilet by methodically removing with its front teeth all dirt from underneath each one of its front paw nails.

Summer in the Arctic is short and the ground squirrels know it. In four months, they must raise a new generation of siksiks, accumulate provisions for early winter and, above all, store up energy for the foodless winter months in the form of a thick fat layer. They are busy now, eating day and night, and carrying surplus food home in bulging cheek pouches.

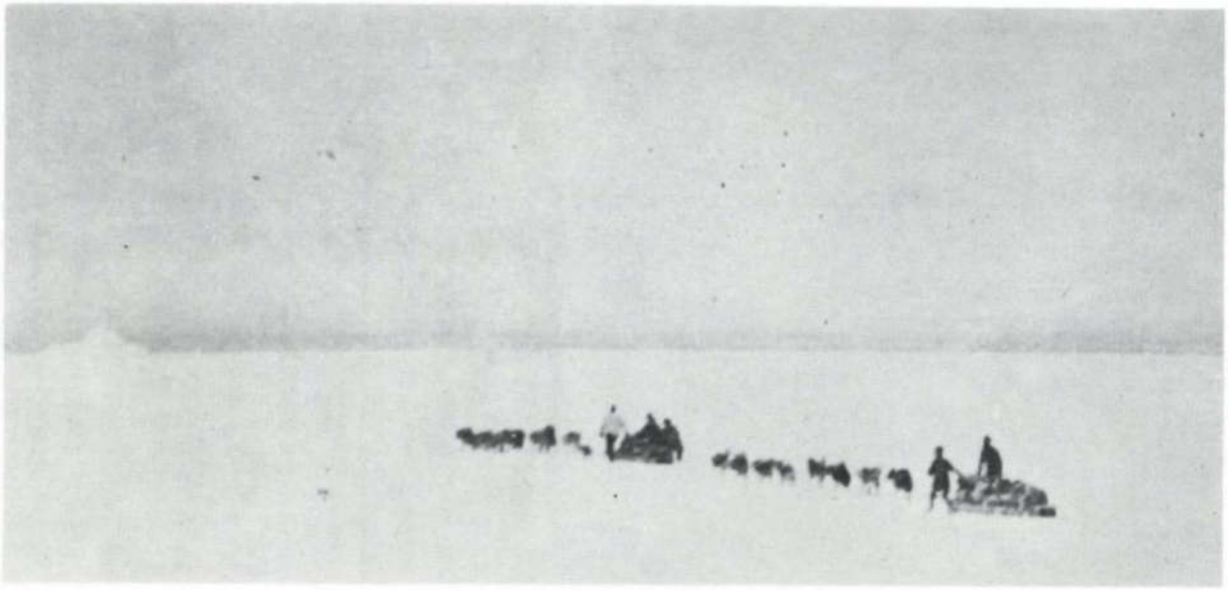
Winter burrows are being prepared, and new territorial fights break out. But while in spring females were wooed and welcome visitors, now they are competitors, and males turn upon them fiercely and chase them from their territories. As a result more females, forced to winter in unsuitably shallow dens, die during hibernation than males. These callous characters take for themselves the best locations: dry, sandy regions, where the permafrost layer lies well below and they can tunnel deep, preferably in the lee of a hill, so a thick insulating snow blanket will cover their winter home.

The sleeping chamber is thickly padded with grass, and by September an energetic siksik may have stocked it with four pounds of assorted foods. They are fat now, sleek furry sausages with feet. When the chill winds of late September sweep over the land, and ice glazes the tundra ponds, and a snowy mantle wraps the hills, the siksiks retire from the hostile upper earth, and their arch-enemy, the Barren Ground Grizzly also looks for a suitable den to snooze away the winter months.

For a few weeks the squirrels nibble away at their stored goodies, then, as October's frost creeps through the earth, they curl up on their soft beds, their heartbeat slows, their breathing becomes intermittent, their body temperature drops, and for eight months they hover in that mysterious borderland between life and death. ◆

BATHURST INLET PATROL

By Ian Stuart Anderson



Patrol leaves Baker Lake for the arctic coast.

THE TELEGRAM sent from Regina by A. B. Perry to the Comptroller of the Royal North West Mounted Police in Ottawa on 8 September 1913 read:

Have received reports from Superintendent Demers which state an esquimau named akulak informed manager of Hudsons bay company Chesterfield inlet that Messrs Radford and Street were murdered by Bathurst inlet esquimaux at Bathurst about fifth June nineteen twelve radford and street were en route to fort McPherson. The circumstantial account of fight seems authentic All esquimau reports are necessarily received with caution. Superintendent Demers was going to fullerton and intended making careful enquiry reports by mails.

Harry V. Radford, an American naturalist and writer, and Thomas G. Street of Ottawa, had journeyed into the Eastern Subarctic in 1911 to study flora and fauna of the North and collect muskox and wood bison specimens for American museums. After wintering at Schultz Lake they struck out for the arctic coast. They reached Bathurst Inlet on Coronation Gulf early in 1912 and met Eskimos who had probably never seen white men before. One year later, rumours reached the R.N.W.M.P. detachment at Fullerton, Chesterfield Inlet, that Bathurst Eskimos had murdered the two white men. Shortly afterwards, 11 June 1913, Akulak who had accompanied Radford and Street told the story to Mr H. H. Hall, the H B C manager at Chesterfield Inlet who at once sent the information to his district manager at York Factory (his letter was printed in *The Beaver*, September 1953).

The Fullerton detachment reported the matter to R.N.W.M.P. Headquarters at Regina. Commissioner A. Bowen Perry ordered an investigation and the next year on 31 July Inspector W. J. Beyts, Sergeant-Major Thomas B. Caulkin and two constables sailed from Halifax for Chesterfield Inlet. Beyts intended pushing along Chesterfield Inlet to Baker Lake to establish a base camp from which to move into the interior of the Barren Lands and then across to the arctic coast and Bathurst Inlet but the weather was unusually severe and they reached Chesterfield too late in the season to do anything but unload their equipment and supplies.

It was another year before Beyts and his men could establish their base camp at Baker Lake. Terrible weather plagued them and made their task dreadfully tedious. During the winter of 1915-16, Beyts made two attempts to push northwestward to Bathurst Inlet but raging blizzards, lack of game and insufficient fuel forced him back, thoroughly worn out.

In September 1916 Inspector Francis H. French arrived at Baker Lake to relieve Beyts. Commissioner Perry had been informed of Beyts' condition by overland mail patrol and had decided to replace him. Surprised and disappointed, Beyts returned to civilization on the annual H B C supply schooner while French, fresh and energetic, took over where he had left off.

Ian S. Anderson's police career began in the land of his birth in the South Australian Mounted Police. Between 1949 and 1965 he served in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and then served as Sub-Inspector of the Royal Papua and New Guinea Constabulary. He returned to live in Calgary in charge of security for a construction firm.

Beyts' experiences had emphasized the scarcity of game in the country through which the patrol would travel and the necessity of establishing supply caches to help them on their way to Bathurst and on their return journey. French and Caulkin spent the winter of 1916-17 provisioning such caches and by March were ready to set out. On the 21st the weather was clear and cold and, with three Eskimo dog-handlers and a woman called Solomon, twenty-five dogs, three sleds and two canoes, they mushed out of their base camp westward across frozen Baker Lake. They travelled light and supplied themselves from the first cache. They could only carry enough for one month; from then on they would have to rely on their ability to hunt game.

The weather held for five days by which time they had reached Schultz Lake. Then a blizzard swept out of the north and lasted until the 2nd of April. They broke camp and pushed on towards Aberdeen Lake but another blizzard bore down on them. Buffeted by howling winds and stinging snow, they struggled on for three days until, near the east end of Aberdeen Lake, they staggered into a camp of Shan-ing-i-ok-miut Eskimos.

They stayed with these people until the storm abated. Then, with local Eskimos hired as guides, they struck out again, this time in a northwesterly direction. The weather was clear and cold – good for travelling – but they were moving over broken country which forced them to follow a tortuous course along ravine bottoms because there was no snow on the ridges. Game was plentiful, however, and they shot enough caribou to banish for a time the fear of food shortage.

Their good fortune did not last long. On the 10th of April the weather turned stormy and foggy and forced them to make camp again. To make matters worse, the guides decided to return to their own camp and the patrol was left alone in strange country.

The storm wore out on the 15th and the police party started out once more. They had not gone far when an immense stretch of impassable, rocky, barren country confronted them. French led them in a wide detour to the northeast in search of Garry Lake. They had trouble finding Garry – it did not conform to the map and their compasses were erratic because of the variations of the Magnetic Pole.

Finally they found Garry Lake and followed it westward to Pelly Lake. From here French intended getting on to the Back River and following it to Lake Beechey from which he would turn north and strike directly for the arctic coast. He changed his plans when the patrol met some Eskimos who told them that the country between Beechey and the coast was very rocky and impossible to travel across with sleds. They suggested another route which would take the police to a river – the Ellice – extending all the way to the coast at Queen Maud Gulf, east of Coronation Gulf and Bathurst Inlet. French persuaded a native to guide his patrol to the Ellice.

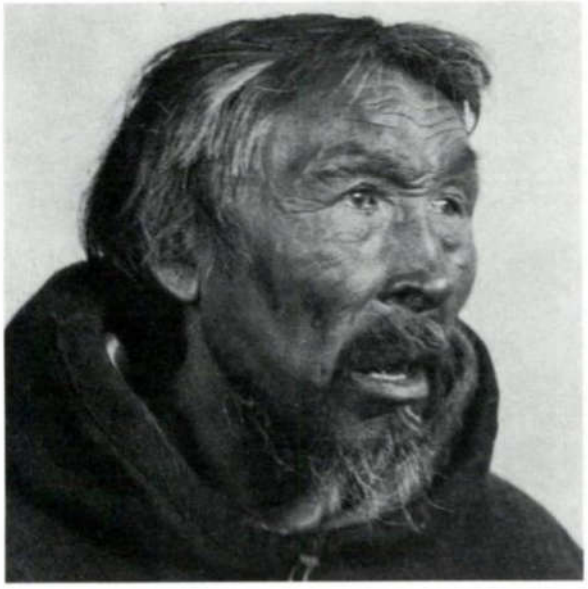
Severe storms battered them on and off for days and they grew almost unbelievably weary. Their food was starting to give out too but they doggedly pushed on. They reached the Ellice and swung north. At last, on the 7th of May, they reached Queen Maud Gulf.

They were now hungry and desperately weary but they followed the coastline northwestward until they came across sled tracks. They followed these until Melbourne Island was reached where they shot some caribou. After eating and resting, they followed the tracks

Radford (bow) and Street (stern) as they began their final journey, leaving Fort Smith, on June 27, 1911.

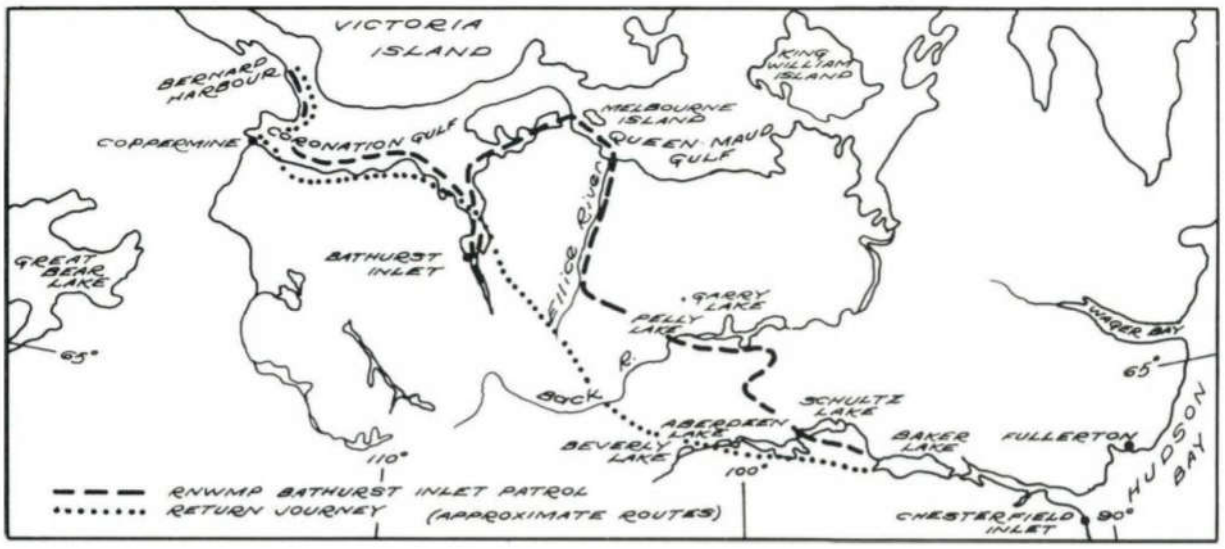
GEORGE M. DOUGLAS

Bye-and-Bye of Repulse Bay, a member of the Bathurst Inlet patrol and, below, Sergeant-Major Caulkin as he prepares to leave Chesterfield Inlet, March 1915. In centre back is Akulak who travelled with Radford and Street and returned to report their murders, and to the right, Insp. W. J. Beyts and Cpl. Conway.



again. These led them into Melville Sound. Once again, a blizzard howled down on them and they were forced to make camp until the 13th when the weather broke sunny and warm, the first warm day since they left Baker Lake almost two months before. They struck out in a southwesterly direction and soon came across more sled tracks which they followed until the next day when they sighted a large Eskimo camp at the mouth of Bathurst Inlet. They advanced on the camp but the only occupants were women who ran to their igloos. French reasoned that the men must have been away hunting.

When the patrol reached the camp, Caulkin made friendly signs. Reassured by this and probably by the presence of Solomon, the women came out of their igloos and, through the police Eskimos, conversed with French. While they were doing this, French saw a large group of men coming toward the camp – men returning from the hunt. The hunters had observed the presence of strangers amongst their women and they spread out and ran forward, holding their spears and snow knives in menacing attitudes. Caulkin again made peace signs and the hunters, seeing that everything was all right, lowered their weapons and dropped their menacing attitude.



The police began a parley with the Eskimos and soon an amicable feeling permeated the camp. With friendly relations established, French and Caulkin questioned the natives about the killing of Radford and Street. The Eskimos had heard of the killings and supplied the police with valuable information and with seal oil to light their lamps and cook their food. The patrol had long since run out of oil and had been eating their meat raw.

The patrol travelled on to other Eskimo camps. They reached the Killin-e-miuts – the band to which the killers of Radford and Street belonged – who unhesitatingly told the police what had happened.

Radford and Street had come across the Killin-e-miuts and, using sign language, requested guides to show them the way to the west. Two of the tribe agreed to go but at the last minute one of them changed his mind because his wife was sick having been hurt in a fall. Radford tried to force the man and took a dog whip to him. Street attempted to restrain Radford but Radford beat the Eskimo and then dragged him to the edge of the ice and open water. The others were afraid that Radford would throw the man into the water so they attacked him and speared him to death. Street had run to his sled where the rifles were but the natives overtook him and killed him with their snow knives.

French and Caulkin talked to all the Eskimos who had witnessed the killings and took statements from them. Each story was the same and there was no doubt in the policemen's minds that the Eskimos had been provoked and had acted in a spirit of self-defence. The two white explorers had been amongst the Killin-e-miuts for several weeks and, had they so desired, the Eskimos could have killed them at any time. There was no evidence of premeditation. Furthermore, the Eskimos had liked Street and certainly would not have killed him had it not been for Radford.

Before leaving Baker Lake, French had received instructions from Commissioner Perry that if there was sufficient indication of provocation, he was not to arrest the killers. The Killin-e-miuts had acted in accordance with their own harsh laws of survival and the white man's government would not punish them.

The patrol had now accomplished its purpose and French contemplated the return journey to Baker Lake, some sixteen hundred miles away. It was late May and summer was near. The sea-ice was melting and travel would be hard. They were almost out of supplies, had only a few rounds of ammunition left, and their clothing was badly tattered and torn. Moreover they were sick from a straight meat diet, much of it uncooked and half-rotten. Frost-bite on face and hands, and bouts of snow-blindness had added to their miseries. And their dogs were almost worn out. The patrol could not possibly make the overland journey to Baker Lake now.

From a wandering Eskimo band, the patrol learnt that there were three trading ships off the coast, nine days travel to the northwest. French decided to make for them to reprovision and rest while awaiting the freeze-up and suitable travelling weather. They hired a local Eskimo as guide and set out. After several days of difficult travel, in the course of which Caulkin and two of the Eskimos fell through a snow-covered crack in the ice, they reached Coronation Gulf where an American schooner had wintered. However, the captain was also short of supplies and could only give them enough to see them through to Bernard Harbour, a further three days travel, where there was a Hudson's Bay Company post. They reached the post on the 13th of June. Since leaving Baker Lake almost three months earlier, they had travelled 2,483 miles.

The patrol remained at Bernard Harbour and rested. With a proper diet, their health soon improved. They

SUPT. F. B. CAULKIN

An R.C.M.P. patrol make camp for the night on the sea ice.

mended their worn gear and patched their clothing. They bought new equipment to replace what they could not repair and supplies and ammunition for two months.

On the 1st of September, French and Caulkin left Bernard Harbour in two whaleboats, with most of their equipment aboard. The Eskimos drove their dogs overland to a rendezvous on the Coppermine River. After a hundred and seventy-five miles by water, the two policemen met their teams and drivers at the Coppermine and settled down to wait for cold weather and a snowfall sufficient for sled travel.

The patrol left Coppermine on the 16th of October. The weather was warm at first and travel difficult but then fierce arctic storms tore down and drenched them to the skin with sleet and snow. It took them almost a month to reach Bathurst Inlet. Here they reached an encampment of Eskimos who were relatives of Solomon and they were able to trade for some caribou meat.

From Bathurst they struck southeastward for the Ellice River, crossing it much lower than they had on their first trip. The weather turned cold but little snow fell and they found it heavy going and impossible to approach caribou on which they were now dependent.

The patrol crossed Back River and mushed southeast toward Beverly Lake. The weather continued very cold but still no snow fell and the going was so hard that they had to discard all their non-essential equipment.

Two months from Coppermine found them in the middle of the Barrens. Their supplies were now very low and caribou scarce. They threw away more gear to lighten their loads. Eventually they were forced to shoot ten of their dogs to feed the remainder. They abandoned one of the sleds and distributed its load amongst the other two. On the 23rd of December they sighted a herd of musk-ox and shot twenty. They dragged the animals to their camp and celebrated Christmas by eating a substantial meal.

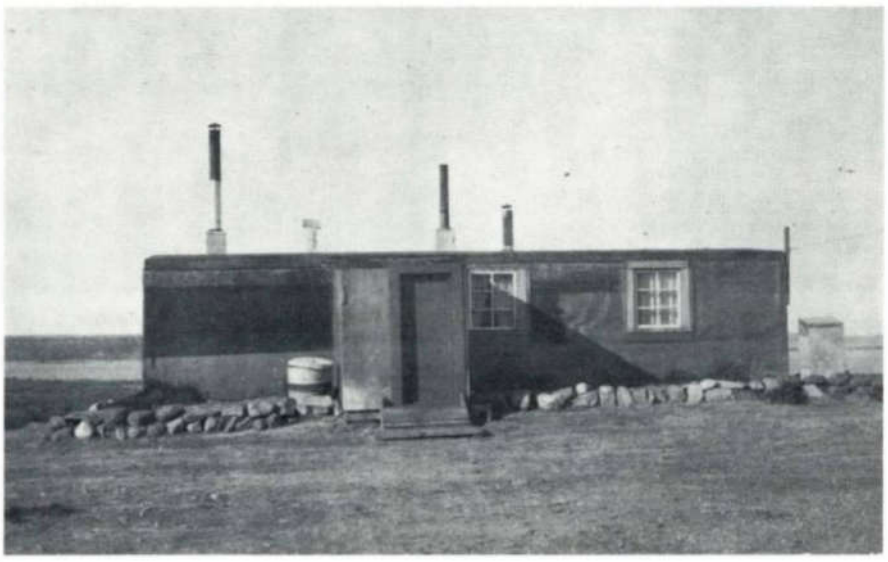
They pushed on once more. Bitterly cold weather – the temperature hovered around sixty below – beset them. They neared the country where Beyts had established his most advanced supply cache and Caulkin made for it but wolves or bears had beaten him to it and all he could salvage was a little flour, some Oxo, tobacco, and candles.

Then across the southern part of Aberdeen Lake. Supplies were almost completely gone and men and dogs were starving and weak. Baker Lake seemed impossibly far away. The temperature dipped to seventy-two below. They sighted a herd of caribou. Rifles blazed! Ten deer dropped and the patrol ate again. After a short rest, they struck out once more. Another blizzard raged down on them and forced them to camp. As soon as it lifted they hit the trail once more. Finally, on the 26th of January, they sighted familiar country. They had reached the southwestern extremity of Baker Lake. That afternoon they were warmly welcomed by the manager of the Baker Lake Hudson's Bay Company post and on the following day set out on the final lap of their journey. They reached their detachment two days later – the 29th of January, 1918.

Inspector French and Sergeant-Major Caulkin had been absent on patrol for over ten months and had travelled 5,153 miles, all but the 175 whaleboat miles on foot. Of this mileage, 4,055 was spent on actual patrol and the remainder in establishing food caches, hunting and going to Eskimo camps.

Inspector Francis Henry French was subsequently awarded the Imperial Service Order and Sergeant-Major

The Company's post at Bernard Harbour as it was in 1925. Below, photographed the same year are women from Bernard Harbour (left) and the Kent Peninsula.



(later Assistant Commissioner) Thomas Benjamin Caulkin the King's Police Medal for the Bathurst Inlet patrol. The decorations were unexpected, for the Dominion Government was usually undemonstrative in rewarding members of the Royal North-West Mounted Police for duty well done. To French and Caulkin, as well as to their Eskimo 'Police Natives', the patrol was just another assignment. But it was much more than that. It was an epic in the annals of courage and service. It was patrols such as this, performed in the normal course of duty, that added to the lustre of the scarlet tunic of Canada's Mounted Police. ◆

Editor's note: The Eskimos who travelled with French and Caulkin on their rugged patrol were called Joe and Bye-and-Bye, officially 'Police Natives', Joe acting as interpreter; and two others, Solomon who was a woman from Bathurst Inlet, and Quash-ak. When Akulak had guided Radford and Street to Bathurst Inlet early in 1912 he stayed in the area for a time and before returning to Baker Lake acquired a wife – for whom he gave a rifle – named Solomon. It is probable that coming from Bathurst Inlet she was the same woman who joined the police patrol. When they made contact with the Killin-e-miut, her people, French said that Solomon was of great help to them, and that she 'was also of great assistance to us on the travel, mending our clothes at night and keeping them generally in repair'. On the journey back from Bernard Harbour, the helpful Solomon, who had been suffering from ear trouble, was left with relatives at a Bathurst Inlet camp.

THE LIVING PRAIRIE *IN A CITY*

BY ROBERT W. NERO
biologist with the Manitoba Government

AND ROBERT R. TAYLOR
photographer with the Manitoba Museum

Prairie Crocus or Pasque-flower
(Anemone patens)

TEXTBOOKS teach that much of southern Manitoba was once covered with prairie grasses and flowers, that it has a prairie climate and is one of the Prairie Provinces. Much is said about the beauty of the prairie sky and most Manitobans know that the Prairie Crocus (anemone or pasque-flower) is the provincial floral emblem. But—who has seen a real prairie?

Prairie to most people means an open, flat landscape, windswept and alternately hot and cold; a place to grow grains and sometimes cattle. Naturalists and scientists, however, identify prairie as a particular grassland ecosystem, a complex community of plants dominated by grasses.

Prairie was the name given by the earliest pioneers to the open land covered with tall grasses and wildflowers along the western margin of the deciduous forest of eastern America. Plant scientists named this the True Prairie in contrast to the more westerly grasslands of the Plains where shorter species of grasses dominated.

The True Prairie is also called the Tall-grass Prairie because the most conspicuous plant is a species named Big Bluestem Grass that sometimes can grow to ten feet high. This is the kind of tall-grass prairie that formerly covered most of the Red River Valley in Manitoba. But today, where once there was tall-grass prairie, millions of acres of wheat, sugar beets and corn now cover the land. Most of the True Prairie has been sacrificed to agriculture.

There are still a few bits of True Prairie left, along railroad rights-of-way and in small uncultivated corners, and these remnant prairies provide an unusual living laboratory for research and education. But of all natural

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Photographs taken on the St James-Assiniboia prairie:

1. The prairie with Gaillardia *(Gaillardia aristata)*.
2. Purple Prairie Clover *(Petalostemon purpureus)*.
3. Smooth Aster *(Aster laevis)*.
4. Fritillary butterfly on Blazing Star *(Liatris)*.
5. Many-flowered Aster *(Aster ericoides)*.
6. Long-horned Grasshopper *(Tettigoniidae)*.

3

areas, True Prairie is one of the least studied, partly because it was so widely destroyed before anyone realized its value. In several areas of the United States, efforts have been made to re-create prairies by planting seeds gathered from plants along railroad rights-of-way, but it takes at least twenty years to achieve anything resembling native prairie. Naturalists search avidly for fragments of prairie, for such spots are rich in wildflowers and each year these places are fewer.

In 1968 a group of people set out to identify and preserve remaining prairie remnants in Manitoba. This project, sponsored by the International Biological Program, involved persons from several government departments, universities, naturalists, and laymen. To everyone's surprise, the best of the four largest and least disturbed Tall-grass Prairies left in Manitoba was inside the limits of Metro Winnipeg, in suburban St James-Assiniboia.

Bedrock limestone is close to the surface there and about 150 acres of native sod had survived in an area known as Silver Heights. The name is thought to stem from the abundance of silvery foliage of various prairie plants growing on the heights above the Assiniboine River. Botanists and wildflower lovers knew the Silver Heights prairie as a favourite place to visit in spring and summer. But no one would have guessed that this was the best Tall-grass Prairie in Manitoba.

A hurried campaign to preserve the prairie was started, for the property was already zoned for extensive residential development. University and museum officials, naturalists and horticulturists convinced civic authorities to forego dollars for daisies just so a piece of native prairie could be preserved. In spite of pressures from industry and developers, twenty-five acres of Silver Heights prairie was designated for preservation as a natural area in April 1970.

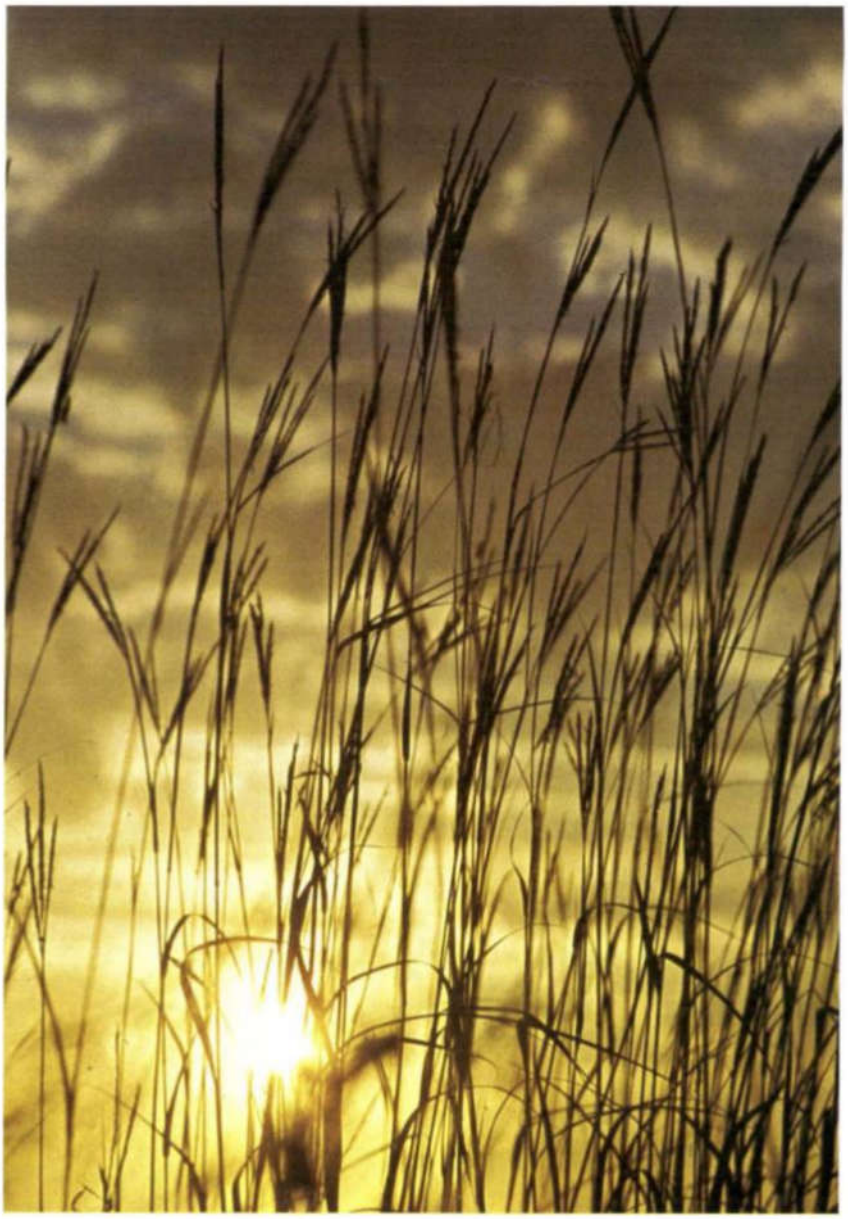
The grassy, flowered field that is being preserved as a living example of the Tall-grass Prairie of the Red River Valley was given the official name of 'St James-Assiniboia Prairie Living Museum'. Although the site is relatively small, officials are convinced that by careful planning it will be possible for visitors to obtain a real prairie experience.

Plans are under way for an interpretative centre where school groups can assemble to study prairie ecology and view plants before moving out to the field for a close look at the real thing. Mowed pathways have already been prepared and people can now walk through the prairie in relative comfort. People who may never have seen a prairie crocus before have an opportunity to see hundreds here in early spring.

From April to September the Living Prairie provides an attraction for tourists and residents. School children, teachers and just ordinary people now get a chance to learn about grassland ecology, to photograph native wildflowers, to view the purple stems of Big Bluestem Grass. More than 125 species of grasses and other plants, some rare, have been found living on the site. One reporter, visiting the prairie with a botanist who pointed out the numerous species as they walked along, confessed he felt as if he were walking in a garden, and he was almost afraid to put his foot down.

No other city in Canada has a natural prairie preserve. Perhaps no finer proof of the sophistication of a city population exists than the decision to set aside a fragment of original grassland. Here in the Living Museum is a place for people to learn that nature is beautiful as well as useful, to learn about the

Sunflower *(Helianthus)* among the grass with Bergamot *(Monarda)* and, below, Harebell *(Campanula)*.



Big Bluestem Grass
(Andropogon gerardi).

complexities of the natural world, to learn that *prairie* is something more than open, cultivated fields.

Public response to the preservation of the prairie has been strongly in its favour. As a local writer, Mary M. Ferguson, put it: 'We, who have childhood memories of crocuses that carpeted the fields in early spring, remember also the summer's dainty harebells, the daisies, buttercups, cowslips, orange lilies and the wild roses. We gathered these gaily, always assured that there would be more next year. In late August, the brown eyed susans and the graceful waving plume of the golden rod would herald Autumn . . .We feel assured now that with the careful preservation of the Prairie Park, we shall continue to enjoy all this beauty. There is a magnetism that draws humans to this changing prairie, which we so nearly let perish, but we are awakened at last to its preservation and beauty.'

Angus Shortt, noted waterfowl artist and a Winnipeg resident, has this to say in a letter to the St James *Times*: 'As a former resident of St James (living for twenty years at Deer Lodge) we spent many enjoyable and relaxing hours wandering over the Silver Heights Estate which, following World War II, became a housing development. What a pleasant interlude those walks were after the rush and turmoil of the business world. The Silver Prairie can offer the same escape from the "concrete jungle", meanwhile preserving a unique example of the prairie of pioneer days, for those who come after us . . . it is in the future that its true value lies.' ◆

ICE AGE HUNTERS

By Karl H. Schlesier

Sedna Creek Valley looking toward Fortress Mountain, centre.

The following presentation of the archaeology of Sedna Creek is perhaps unusual. In the story the author has taken seriously the position held by many prehistorians, although rarely practised, that the discipline should interpret the findings of archaeology in terms of culture.

The author has done archaeological field work in the area here described in 1964 and 1967. Different stages of field work and research were sponsored by the Deutsche Forschungsgemeinschaft, the Wenner-Gren Foundation for Anthropological Research, the National Science Foundation, and Wichita State University. The artifacts the hunters of the story use, and which were unearthed in those two seasons, are dated around 18,000 B.C. on the basis of the geological and archaeological evidence gathered.

The story is based on a thorough knowledge of early man in Northeast Asia and in the American Far North. Although ethnological analogy was used, most of the interpretations in the story are functional, derived from an intimate knowledge of the beautiful country described. With the members of the field crew, Mike Hayes, Lyle James, Hal Ottaway, Jon Wagner, and Egon Wiegel, the author who is professor of anthropology at Wichita State University has walked many times the paths of the early hunters around Sedna Creek.

THEY SPENT THE NIGHT below the north ridge of Hatbox Mesa and broke camp at dawn. They loaded the sleds carefully and, the younger men and women taking the skin ropes, moved out towards the south. It was the last leg of their journey. The site of the winter camp was now less than ten miles ahead, a distance they could cover comfortably in one day.

They came from farther north on the Ayiyak River where they had camped through the summer and fall. As in every year, all the families and small hunting groups of the band had come and spent the months from April to September together. In the preceding winter, four people had died and two babies were born; one more was born in the summer camp. The size of the band stood near one hundred people.

The rendezvous had been a lucky one. No quarrel had flared up among band members, no hunting accident had occurred. They had made one trading trip to the base camp of a neighbouring band about ninety miles east, and once were visited by a band from farther west. They had relatives in both. All had hunted together, traded crafts, gambled, exchanged news, and the few eligible young people had found mates and formed new families, further strengthening kinship ties between bands of the region.

When the caribou herds gathered for the fall migration that would take them southwest along the border of the Brooks Range ice shield, thence south towards the interior, the people became restless. They, too, longed for their winter quarters. The fun was over, it was time to go home. The caribou left, and a week later, by mid-September, temperatures had dropped to 20° below zero at night. The ground was frozen solid and covered with enough snow to make travel easy.

In the camp the tents came down and were packed for the sleds. Precious willow poles and other camp equipment were stored on the spot for another summer's use. The people separated again into a number of small hunting groups and departed, each heading towards its own territory.

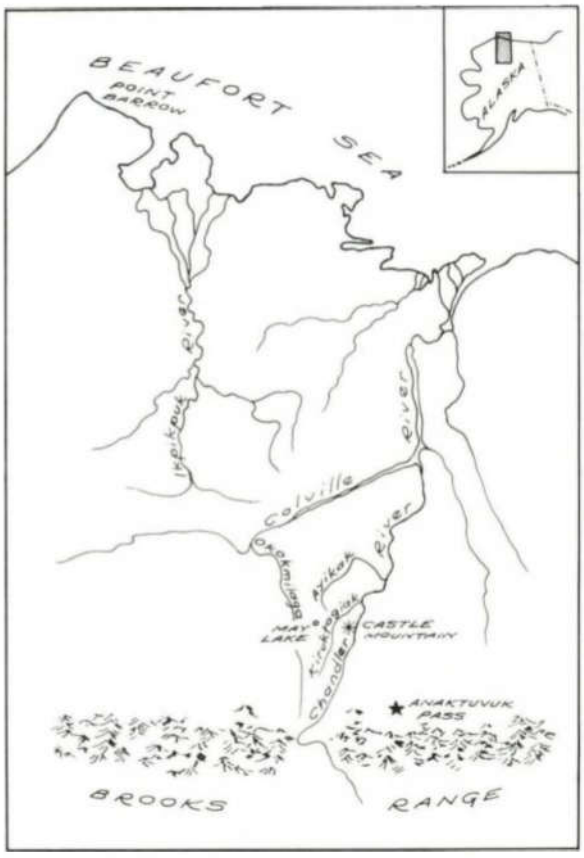
The Sedna Creek group moved due south, up Wolverine Creek towards Hatbox Mesa in the distance. The first night's camp was half way. They made the mesa in the afternoon of the second day and crossed it on the third, joining the Ayiyak River below and walking along it upstream.

They were four families, numbering twenty-three people in all, admirably equipped in everything to live well in a hard land. In their appearance they were of a stocky and rather short frame, an impression emphasized by mittens, double-layered parkas and trousers of caribou fur, and the thick skin boots all wore. Ruffs of shiny black hair stood above brown faces with prominent eyebrows, slightly slanted eyes, and strong mouths. Five adult hunters were with the group, three of whom helped the women in pulling the sleds. Two older men led the small column carrying nothing but the spears on their shoulders.

An eagle sailing high above would have noticed that the tiny travel group below was entering a pocket about fifteen miles wide and, from Hatbox Mesa in the north, fifteen miles long. The country of this vast square consisted of rolling slopes of treeless tundra, with a line of westward trending, rubble covered ridges, the Canoe Hills, in the approximate centre. Beyond the Canoe Hills rose Fortress Mountain and another line of ridges. A narrow basin between these and the Canoe Hills contained a small, shallow lake, May Lake, and a huge peat swamp just to the east.

The imposing elevations of this section of the Arctic Slope were Fortress, Horseshoe, and Castle Mountains. The headwaters of three streams, the Kiruktagiak and Ayiyak Rivers, and Fortress Creek, were on the southern edge of the pocket. The border to the east was formed by the giant glacier extending from the mountains down the valley of the Chandler River. The Okokmilaga valley glacier, only slightly shorter, formed the western boundary. Both glaciers stood as much as 1,400 feet above the valley floors. To the south lay the massive, impenetrable ice wall of the Brooks Range. The only access to the pocket was from the open northern side. This range of 225 square miles was the travellers' winter hunting territory.

By early afternoon the group had passed the Canoe Hills and entered the May Lake basin. In the willow thickets along the Ayiyak River they had seen two small herds of woolly mammoth, the largest numbering eleven animals. They also had noticed a few moose cows with calves who used the thickets for both food and protection. On the flats below the north slopes of the Canoe Hills they counted three small bands of caribou.



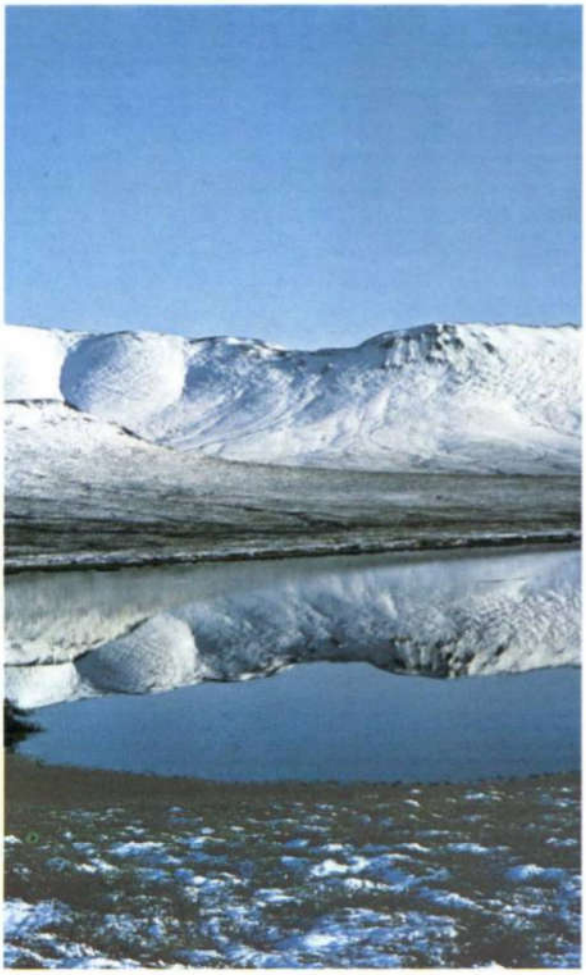
The May Lake basin lay empty and silent, the lake bluish-grey where the wind had blown the snow away.

They crossed the peat swamp and rounded the base of Fortress Mountain. On the way they found elephant, muskox, and caribou tracks, all a few days old, and a series of well-worn game trails. On Fortress Creek were prints of bear and wolf. Below the west face of the mountain they had reached home.

The camp site was on one of the lower terraces of Fortress Creek on an old stream meander that offered protection from the frequent fierce Arctic winds which blew from either the north or the south. It was chosen carefully for additional reasons.

Extensive thickets of dwarf willows extended all along the creek, providing the only source of fuel besides animal bones. At the same time, the thickets were feeding grounds for game, especially for mammoth and moose which sometimes fed close to camp if not disturbed. The flood plain of the stream nearby was an important travel route for game passing from the slopes south of Fortress Mountain to the May Lake basin and beyond.

Another reason for the camp location was its proximity to Fortress Mountain. The mountain could be climbed easily on all but its southern side which had vertical rock faces. Most significantly, the mountain had a Dall sheep population of over fifty animals which



May Lake.

could be driven over the precipice of the south cliffs if necessary. Where animal predators such as wolves could not reach, human predators could.

The sheep, however, were never hunted, instead were saved for emergencies. While mammoth and caribou were migratory and unpredictable, and the circular defence formations of muskoxen difficult to break without injuries to the spearmen, the Dall sheep were confined to the mountain and always accessible for slaughter. They were like a tame herd waiting to be harvested. The only other mountains within the winter range which held sheep populations were Castle Mountain and Tuktu Bluff. The sheep herds of the three mountains would feed the group for about three months if all other game failed.

The poles with the bleached bear and wolf skulls were still in upright positions where they had stood for a number of years. The equipment caches were intact. While the smaller children who had been riding on top of the bundles on the sleds were happily running about, the adults cleared the snow away between the sod walls where the two big tents had been last winter. They removed the skin covers from the mammoth bone sockets imbedded in the ground and brought the poles in. It was quick, efficient work. Next, the tent covers were brought from the sleds. The poles were securely tied on the top, then the shafts were slipped into the bone sockets. Smoothly the heavy skins were pulled over the round pole frame, tightened, and turned inside on the ground.

In the meantime, willow branches had been cut and were now placed on the tent floors leaving only the fire-places bare. Packs of clothing and equipment were moved in and placed along the circular tent walls weighing down the inward folded skins. Robes were spread over the branches covering the floor, and immediately two fires were started in each tent.

Outside, mammoth tusks were put against the tents as an additional safeguard against winds. A sled brought more fuel for the night. The permanent camp was set up. Only the sod walls would need repair. With the dark coming on, the people settled around the fires.

With a stiff wind from the north it was snowing next morning, cold snow, thin like ice needles. The men set out to climb Fortress Mountain to see how much game was around. They left the spears in camp since there was no game on the mountain besides the sheep on the southern cliffs. They walked up a small creek, then followed a ridge inside the deep gash in the west face of Fortress that led to the highest point. They arrived after two hours of slow but continuous walking.

Up there was a simple shrine. It was only a small rock shelter filled with animal bones and lined with bear and wolf skulls. Sheep horns, placed there long ago, surrounded the shelter in a half circle. The men went to pay their respect to the holy place visited by the souls of animals who had allowed themselves to be killed so that the human hunters could live. They gently placed a pretty necklace of ivory beads on the snow that covered the bones, stood for a while silently praying for assistance then turned and walked to the round knoll which allowed a view of much of the country around.

A harsh wind was still blowing but the snowing had stopped. The men gazed at the immense spread of the country that they knew so well. Behind them, the great horseshoe that is Fortress Mountain lay empty. So did the May Lake basin and the long slopes to the west beyond which stood the huge Okokmilaga glacier. Towards the south, in front of the white mountains, they noticed a few bands of caribou. Looking east, letting their watchful eyes travel along the thickets of the Ayiyak River and across the distant slopes, they saw nothing. There was no movement, no sound besides the moaning of the wind.

It would be enough. They knew that the actual caribou population of the area would be about three times over the number of animals they had seen yesterday and today. There was probably one more mammoth herd on the Kiruktagiak River, perhaps more.

The tracks of yesterday proved that there was at least one muskox herd somewhere. And there were moose even though the wolves would get a few.

They faced north once again, and the empty world of the early hunters. There were probably six bands of people in all of northern Alaska, numbering all together less than 500 persons. Their winter camps were scattered from the smaller glaciers on the De Long Mountains in the west across the ice-free gap above the Kobuk, and along the northern front of the giant central and eastern Brooks Range ice shield, covering a range nearly 600 miles wide.

A number of generations ago their ancestors had wandered from Siberia across the steppe and tundra of the land bridge that connected it with Alaska. First, they had hunted yak, saiga, horse, and mammoth on the Yukon steppes, game they had known from Siberia, and the strange bison in the forests on the upper reaches of the river. Then more people followed from the west, and they all shared a land rich in game and devoid of people. To the east the ice prevented all further travel, but to the north was country still unknown. Eventually they left the steppes and drifted there. They made it their land, and they saw it before them when they looked from Fortress Mountain.

The men spent the rest of the day working in camp and helping the women bring sled loads of willows from farther down the creek to be stacked nearby. They had brought enough dried meat from the summer camp to feed them for more than a month, but everyone was hungry for fresh meat. Since hunting was more easy now than it would be in coming months when the dark of the arctic night swallowed the daylight and hampered movement, they decided to hunt for mammoth during the next days. They also needed the fat and could use the woolly hides.

The hunters left before dawn. The wind still blew from the north, a direction in their favour since the herds were on the Ayiyak River to the northeast. They took two sleds. It was light when they reached a small butte in the eastern part of the May Lake basin near the river. They sat on the sleds and watched. They saw no game. Since there were no fresh elephant tracks leading south, the hunters continued north. By noon they found the spot where the herds had left the Ayiyak River and crossed the slopes to the Kiruktagiak River to the east.

The hunters left even earlier the next day. If they caught up with the herds, they had a hard day before them because of the growing distance from the camp. They passed through the thickets of the Ayiyak below Horseshoe Mountain and climbed the steep slopes eastward. When they reached the divide they saw the mammoths below. The herds had split again during the night. One was feeding in the willows of the Kiruktagiak to the north, the larger one had moved upstream and was now to the right. The wind was still from the north, and the men decided to use it for driving the game.

They left one man with the sleds. His task was to move downslope and turn the animal if one was hit and tried to escape north into the wind. The other men fell back behind the ridge to circle south and approach the herd from upstream. After two hours of walking they were in position downwind.

The woolly mammoth, with the exception of the southern dwarf mammoth, was the smallest species of the mammoth group, standing an average of nine feet high at the withers, distinctly smaller than most living African or Indian elephants. Its peculiarities were a short, stocky build, large head, great curved tusks, small ears and tail, a woolly coat of coarse red hair twenty inches long, a short, soft undercoat, and considerable fat deposits including the high hump on the withers - perfect adaptation against heat-loss and shortage of winter food in arctic environments. Since the animal had no enemy besides the human predator, it was easy to approach until considerable hunting pressure by larger human groups made it wary.

The herd was spread in a rough horseshoe formation in the thickets, some animals feeding, others resting. The huge reddish bodies stood out above the willows and against the snow. The herd consisted mostly of cows and calves, but there were two young bulls. Bulls were easier to kill than cows who were prone to charge. It was one of the bulls the hunters selected.

The tread of heavy pads moving in the snow, and of trunks breaking and pulling willows, muffled all sound. The men remained spread in a semi-circle, hidden, when one of them crept forward. He carried a short spear tipped with a long bone point. If he succeeded in stalking near enough, he would not try for the heart and a quicker kill but pierce the animal's abdominal wall. After that, they would try to separate the wounded elephant from the rest of the herd and drive it towards the camp.

The great shaggy forms shifting before him, the man waited patiently for a long time until one of the bulls in the thicket moved to the side of the horseshoe. He quickly crept close and, approaching from the rear, bent. He lifted the spear. In one quick motion, the tip parting the heavy fur on the animal's belly, he lunged upward, driving the weapon in with all his strength. He broke away in an instant and ran back.

The wounded animal trumpeting and thrashing around, the herd stood in confusion, ears and trunks up, unable to place the danger. After a while the herd moved down the valley, the crippled bull eventually falling behind. Now the hunters came closer. Shouting and threatening they directed the bull westward and drove him four miles to the Ayiyak. The sentry from the hill joined them with the sleds. Threatening to charge, the animal refused to leave a thicket on the river. It lay down and died five hours later. When the bull's upper hind leg stiffened with the foot raised off the ground, the hunters knew he was dead.

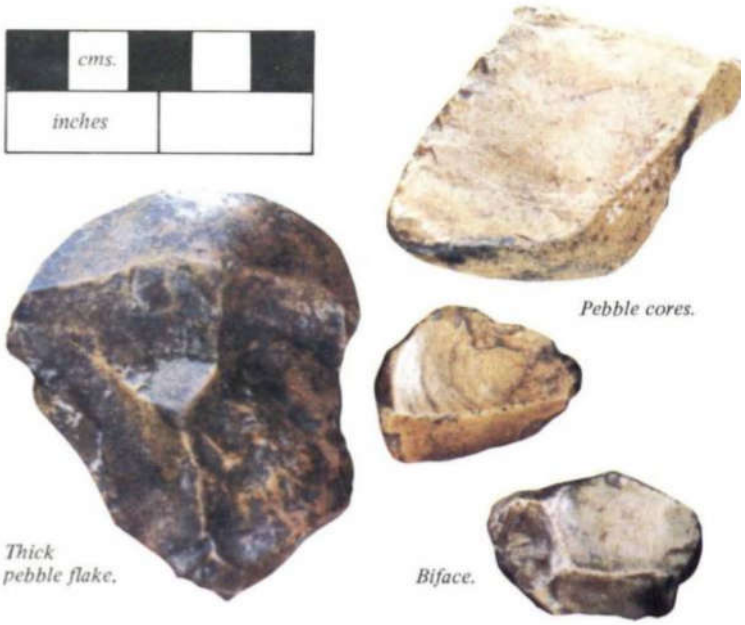
They went forward and touched the mighty head. They prayed and thanked the animal for the gift of its body. In their philosophy the animal was a creature on the same level with man and, if proper rules of respect were obeyed, it allowed itself to be taken. Since it was endowed with a soul, it was reborn as another animal. The animal made itself available as a sacred gift, proper killing was a sacrifice. Wanton slaughter was punished by animal spirits and the gods: game was withheld, and the evil-doers were submitted to starvation.

First the soul had to be released before any butchering could begin. The men went to a gravel bar of the river and pried chert pebbles loose from the frozen ground. Using direct percussion, they removed crude, but functional flakes from the pebble cores to be used for cutting and scraping, with little, or even without secondary chipping. A small incision was made across the animal's neck which would free its soul.

Sometimes an artifact is easily distinguished from surrounding pebbles and flakes by its shiny gold or ivory-like surface. Right, the field crew roll up a layer of thawed top soil.

Since the light was failing they only opened the belly and pulled out the heavy, pinkish intestines. They cut pieces from the liver and gorged themselves hungrily. It was the first they had eaten all day. Some big clumps of fat scraped off the intestines and the rest of the liver were wrapped and put on one of the sleds. Tomorrow they would return with the whole camp for the butchering.

They could smell the willow smoke of the fires when they crossed the peat swamp in the dark. ◆



Pebble cores.

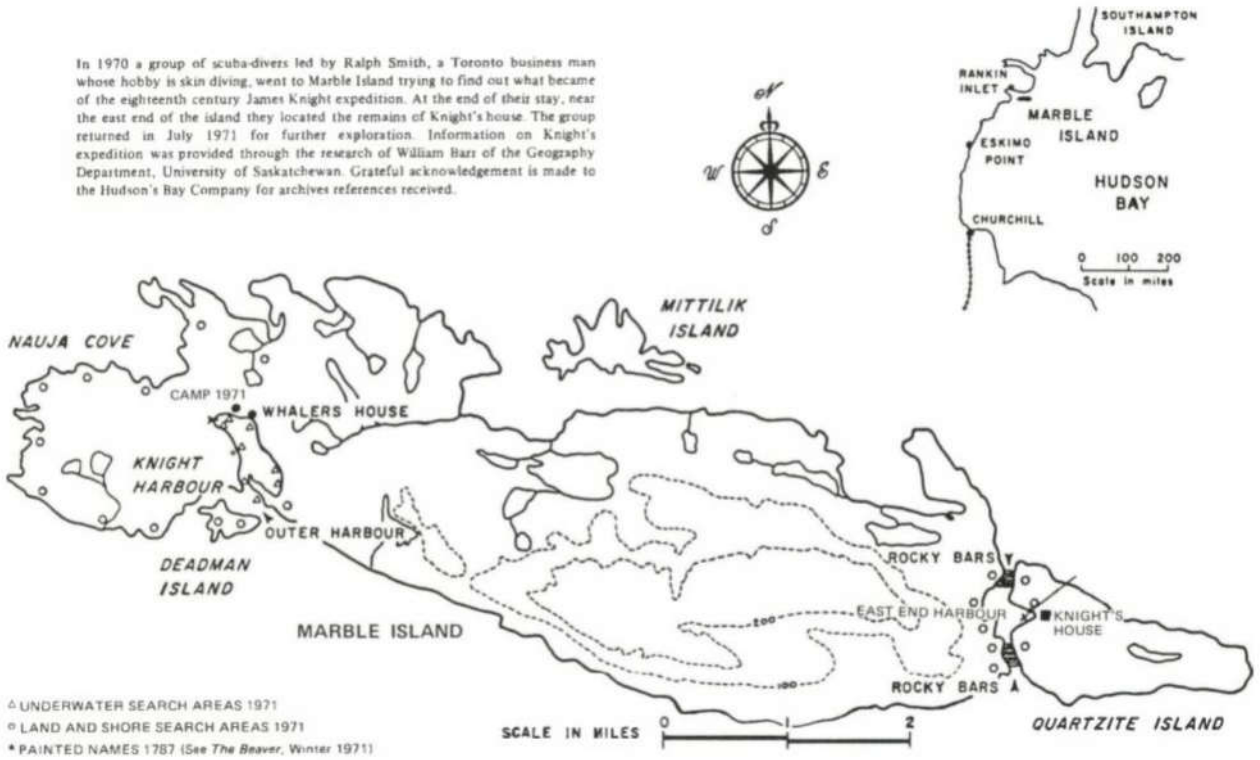
Thick pebble flake.

Biface.

Two flakes (below) and flake tools (right) from Sedna Creek.

A crude shouldered projectile.

In 1970 a group of scuba-divers led by Ralph Smith, a Toronto business man whose hobby is skin diving, went to Marble Island trying to find out what became of the eighteenth century James Knight expedition. At the end of their stay, near the east end of the island they located the remains of Knight's house. The group returned in July 1971 for further exploration. Information on Knight's expedition was provided through the research of William Barr of the Geography Department, University of Saskatchewan. Grateful acknowledgement is made to the Hudson's Bay Company for archives references received.



RELICS OF JAMES KNIGHT

Story and photographs by RALPH SMITH

OUR OBJECTIVES on the 1971 expedition were to carry out a preliminary excavation of Knight's house, and to try to locate the wrecks of Knight's ships, the frigate *Albany* and the sloop *Discovery* in the harbour between Marble Island and Quartzite Island. During field-work the previous year the expedition had located Knight's house on the last day in the field; from the accounts gleaned by Samuel Hearne from the Eskimos fifty years after the event, James Knight had wintered here in 1719 on his quest for the Northwest Passage, and he and all his men had died here (possibly of scurvy) between 1719 and 1721.

The project had the logistic support of the Canadian Forces whose Boeing 707 took the party off from Trenton, Ontario. After numerous stops and changes to successively smaller aircraft the group, consisting of Eric Disley, Fred Fleischer, Peter Chambers, John Cassan, John Artabello and Walter Zacharchuk, arrived at Rankin Inlet, to be joined three days later by Ralph Smith. The problem of transporting the assembled divers and their equipment to Marble Island had become serious due to the lack of suitable water transportation. Hakuluk's Peterhead, which had been used the year before, was out of the water, and the prospect of

The bar at the East End Harbour.

travelling in a freight canoe with a compressor weighing over 400 pounds, and an almost equal amount of food, was a chilling one. By lucky chance a *Canso* of Midwest Airlines, between charter flights, became available to fly the expedition the 24 miles to Marble Island, and was able to land on the water within a few hundred yards of the proposed campsite. An inflatable boat with a reliable outboard quickly shuttled the expedition over this remaining distance.

With the party safely ashore, the problem of where to set up camp was easily solved when a sheltered depression in the rocks was found near the foundation of Knight's house.

It seemed certain that an underwater grid search of the harbour opposite Knight's house would yield the wreckage of one or both of the Knight expedition ships. This had seemed dubious, due to the shallowness of the entrance, until it was suggested by geomorphologist William Barr that due to isostatic uplift, or the rising of the land due to the release of the weight of the last ice sheet, the entrance to this harbour on the east end of Marble Island had perhaps seven more feet of water in it in 1719 than at present. This depth, when added to the present one or two feet, would be sufficient to allow even the 100-ton frigate *Albany* to enter, since she was specially built with shallow draft to 'go into Albany River'.

From what had been found the previous year in and around the foundation, combined with research carried out during the winter, it was felt that this was indeed Knight's house. Assuming this to be the case, then the remains of Captain Berley's frigate *Albany*, and Captain David Vaughan's sloop *Discovery*, had to be only a few hundred yards off shore, near the head of the harbour, if Hearne's 1767 description were accurate:

> The remains of the house, though pulled to pieces by the Esquimaux for the wood and iron, are yet very plain to be seen, as also the hulls, or more properly speaking, the bottoms of the ship and sloop, which lie sunk in about five fathoms of water, toward the head of the harbour.

The water search plan was simple and unsophisticated. The waters of the harbour were trolled, much as a sport fisherman would do, except that instead of a lure at the end of the 100-foot nylon line, there was a human equipped with SCUBA (self-contained underwater breathing apparatus). For manoeuvrability he had a diving plane, which was little more than a plywood board with grab handles. This allowed the diver about the same amount of latitude, left or right of centre, as a waterskier has, plus surface-to-bottom directability.

The water was surprisingly warm (40°F) and crystal clear to a depth of twelve feet, but beyond this depth a thermocline (sudden temperature variation) produced quickly diminishing visibility. At sixteen feet, the clouding effect of quartzite wash held in suspension by

the colder water produced total darkness. The search was thus naturally restricted to a maximum depth of twelve feet, since at any greater depth, a wreck could be completely missed in the inky darkness of the bottom layers.

During a routine sweep on the second day John Artabello noticed a clutch of wooden shapes protruding out of the cloudy silt. Although, as he admitted later, he did not immediately think of this as a find, he instinctively directed the dive plane under the wood, thereby jamming it. This had the effect of stopping the boat above, and fixing his position in a single manoeuvre. For a diver accustomed to the waters of southern Ontario, where submerged logs and wood debris are found everywhere, the discovery of such material is so commonplace as to arouse no particular excitement. However, at Marble Island, well north of the tree-line and some 24 miles off the coast, any timber on the seabed is likely to be of historic significance.

The significance of John's find was soon realized, and within minutes other divers were in the water, swarming around the wooden protrusions. Later, when my turn came to dive, I immediately noticed an odour like that of hydrogen sulphide. Others of the divers also noticed

Waters at the east end of Marble Island opposite Knight's house were systematically searched by divers.

Wooden shapes in the cloudy silt (left) were the first evidence of the wreck from which the section of planking with lead pipe (above) was brought back.

it, and complained of feeling nauseated as a result. This was a minor inconvenience to set against the thrill of diving on a 250-year-old ship.

Working under conditions of zero visibility, completely by touch, the divers were able to ascertain the general shape and position of the ship: it was lying on its side, with its stern towards the southeast side of the basin, about 50 feet from the shore. The planking seemed in quite good condition considering that this is salt water. Signs of the activities of teredos or ship-worms were minimal, presumably due to the cold. Had it been otherwise, the wreck would have been reduced to a few brass fittings and ballast stones, as happens in warmer salt water. The preservation of the ship's timbers can probably be attributed to the low water temperatures, combined with an organic chemical reaction (the smell mentioned).

The length of the wreck is approximately 65 feet, which raises the question of which of Knight's vessels this is: the *Albany* (80 tons or more) or the *Discovery* (40 tons). Since we know from Hearne's account that the figurehead of the *Albany* was removed and taken back to London in the 1760s, the probable over-all length (if the wreck is that of the *Albany*), would have been in the order of at least 70 feet.

Commercial 'frigates' were of small size. The *Albany* with raised quarterdeck and forecastle may have been ship rigged but was not necessarily a naval cruiser.

The dimensions of the *Nonsuch*, whose original epic voyage occurred some 50 years prior to Knight's last voyage threw some light on the matter. The *Nonsuch* at 40 to 50 tons, was 37 feet long at the keel and 50 feet over-all.

There is no specific information available in the Hudson's Bay Company archives as to the dimensions of either the *Albany* which was built in 1716 or the sloop *Discovery* built in 1719. However, it is known that the *Knight*, built in 1696, was 38 feet in length at the keel, with a rake of 7 feet 6 inches which would give her an overall length of 45 feet 6 inches. She was a vessel of 47½ tons. The *Knight* must have been about the same dimensions as the *Discovery*, and the vessel found at Marble Island is clearly much larger and is almost certainly the *Albany*.

Further clues are provided by the specifications still in existence for four Company vessels of approximately the same period and same tonnage as the *Albany*. The frigate *Hannah*, built in 1720, was to be 53 feet at keel, 19 feet 7 inches broad, her burthen about 100 tons. The *Mary* (III), built in 1727, was of the following dimensions: length 53 feet; beam 20 feet; tonnage 112. The *Hudsons Bay* (V), a pink built in 1736-7, was 55 feet long at the keel, 21 feet in breadth, and was to be no more than 129 tons. The *Mary* (IV) of 120 tons was built in 1737-8 to the specifications of 54 feet 6 inches at keel, 20 feet 6 inches beam.

In every case the keel length is between 50 and 55 feet, which would suggest an over-all length of 65 to 70 feet, and all are of approximately the same tonnage as the *Albany* (80 or 100 tons, depending on the source). This would certainly indicate that the vessel discovered at Marble Island, measuring approximately 65 feet in length, is the *Albany* and not the *Discovery*. And from the details of Hearne's account there can be little doubt that this is one of Knight's vessels.

A 40-inch section of planking with a tubular lead pipe flanged at both ends was a portable piece of wreckage retrieved. While it is of 18th century origin and has been tentatively identified as a portion of scupper or drain-pipe to help clear the ship's decks of water, its small diameter rather suggests some sort of rudimentary plumbing with the T piece acting as a junction for further piping.

Excavating the brick wall on the site of James Knight's house.

Work had meantime been proceeding a few yards away on the excavation of the house foundation under the direction of Walter Zacharchuk, archaeologist with the federal Historic Sites Service. His careful recording of data and cautious progress were in contrast to the desire of the rest of the group to uncover everything

Cairn on the north side of the basin, containing a fragment of glass; the wreck was found fifty feet out from the opposite shore.

The James Knight house site, looking across to East End Harbour.

in the first few minutes of digging. They began to grasp the significance of his more methodical excavating, however, as he pointed out small but important artifacts.

The house foundation measures 30 feet by 50 feet. The entrance faces west and slopes upwards from the natural incline of the hillside to the floor. Four pits were excavated within the foundation area: one at the entrance, one at the rear and opposite wall, and two approximately in the centre. Each five-foot-square pit was dug to a depth of four feet, or to a level that was considered the original level of habitation. When Knight's men had dug to what they considered a suitable depth, they had covered the sand and gravel floor with a one-inch layer of lime powder which the ships are known to have carried in large quantities. Over the lime base, they had spread a layer of organic material, possibly as insulation.

The remains of the built-up perimeter mound have deteriorated over the years as weather and, probably, digging by Eskimos have taken their toll. Judging by the number of large bone tools, which had obviously been worked and decorated, Eskimos have dug and re-arranged the overburden many times, but to a depth of only one to two feet. This overburden covers the original floor to a depth of four feet in all but the very centre of the foundation.

In the centre of the house a brick wall was uncovered; the bricks are laid in an orderly fashion, loosely cemented with a lime-sand mixture. It was concluded from the vast quantity of bricks in the overburden that the wall originally extended to roof height and was intended for load-bearing duty, perhaps to serve as a divider between officers and seamen. The absence of blackened bricks would suggest something other than a cooking fireplace.

From the excavations, it appears evident that Eskimos and visiting ships' crews have taken most of whatever the occupants may have left. Indeed we know that some of the disturbance of the house foundation, and removal of the relics of the Knight party, date from Hearne's visit in 1767. In that year, two sloops, the *Success* and the *Churchill* were sent north from Churchill; the *Success* under Joseph Stevens on a whaling trip, and the *Churchill* under Magnus Johnston, with Samuel Hearne as mate, on a trading trip. Both sloops visited Marble Island. Writing of the *Success* in *The British search for the Northwest Passage in the eighteenth century* (p. 26) Glyndwr Williams says that she

> . . . . anchored in a harbour on the southwest side of Marble Island which was used by the Company whalers as a temporary base. When the sloop's whaling boats were sent out their crews were ordered to look into every bay on the island to pick up driftwood, and while engaged in this task came across a small harbour on the southeast side of the island which could only be entered when high tide covered the rocky bar at its mouth. To their surprise the crews saw that vessels had obviously wintered there, and they took back to the sloop a smith's anvil, cannon and shot. On making a further search the master of the sloop, Joseph Stevens, discovered the ruins of a brick building and a large heap of coal. On the smooth rocks nearby great quantities of wood chips from ships' timbers were strewn around, indicating that carpenters had been at work, and that a ship had been wrecked. A few days later Stevens visited the harbour again, this time accompanied by Magnus Johnston, master of the *Churchill* sloop. The ground was dug over to try to find papers that might have been left by the crews, but all that the spades turned up was a human skull; the first sign of tragedy.

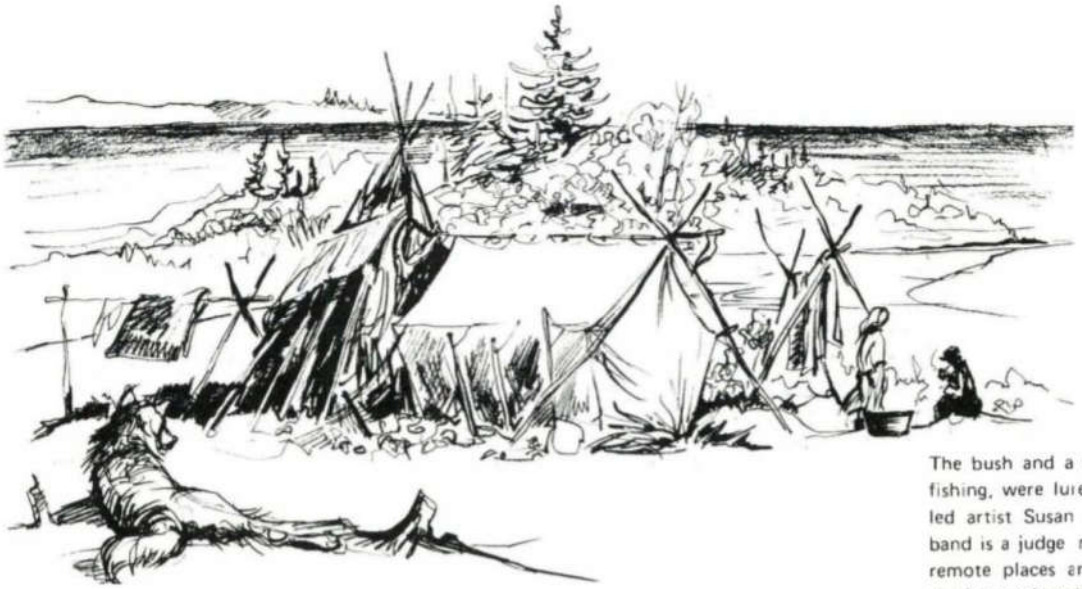
Hearne returned later with some of his crew and Captain Johnston reported

> That they had found A Great Number Graves, one of which Mr. Hearne cawsed the people to digg up in order to Sea if they find Any thing Remarkable - but could not only the Bons of a Stout man who without Doubt is one of the Unhappey Sufferars.

Further digging (1971 version) turned up isolated shards of wine-bottle glass. These, however, had the known characteristics of early 18th-century bottles, such as the 'mallet' shape, long neck and a very deep kick. Other items found included some flat window glass, a solid brass button with a pointed star detail, common earthenware shards, clay pipes, several leather shoe soles, nails, and an interesting slate pencil, sharpened at one end to a very sharp point. Food remains included bones of wild birds, hares, and caribou, and even a few blackened beans. It must be remembered that the pits dug constitute less than twenty per cent. of the house area, hence the relatively low yield of artifacts.

Within a hundred yards of the foundation in any direction one can find many subtle mute reminders of how Knight's men occupied their time. On a rock face above and overlooking the wreck site, Walter Zacharchuk found unfired lead balls and shot, along with wood chips and pieces of pottery, suggesting that work on the partially exposed wreck may have taken place here. Hearne too comments that 'at a little distance from the house there is now lying a great quantity of oak chips, which have been most assuredly made by carpenters'. Brick and coal were found in unusual and out-of-the-way places. In one niche in the rock were found the rusted remains of a portable stove. Here, one of the survivors, supplied with larger and better quality of pieces of coal than that found in front of the house, may have stood watch at night, perhaps waiting to signal any passing ship. A few feet away from the stove, a small rock cairn had been erected. Like the watch's position, it is strategically located. Standing at this site, one can see the house, the harbour, and the ten-mile stretch of open water that separates Marble Island from the mainland. Inside the cairn a single piece of wine-bottle glass glistens irritatingly. Might the bottle of which it was part once have contained a message?

Collecting, photographing, sorting and bagging of artifacts occupied the remaining hours of the party's stay on the island. As in the previous year, further study of the findings will be required to draw more detailed conclusions as to the fate of the Knight expedition. ◆

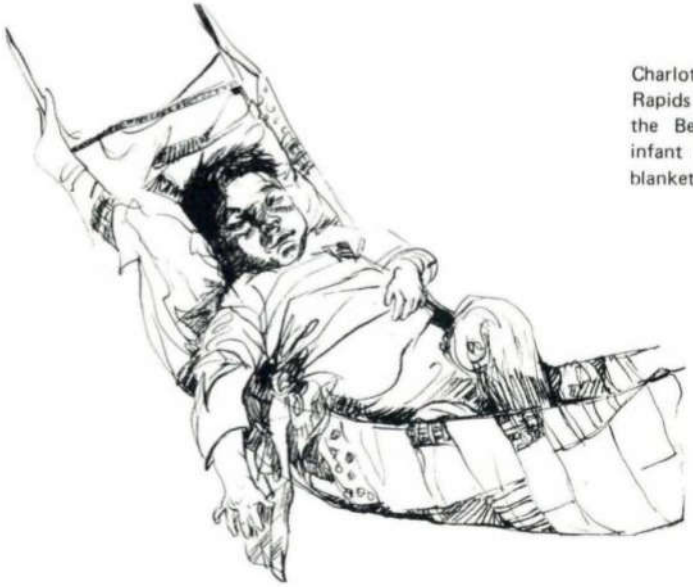


SKETCHES BY

SUSAN ROSS

The bush and a boat, hunting and fishing, were lures that had always led artist Susan Ross, whose husband is a judge n Thunder Bay, to remote places and in recent years she has made quiet friendly visits to Indian settlements and camps in northern Ontario and Manitoba, as well as to the Arctic, just because she likes those people and those places. Wherever she goes, her sketchbook goes with her.

The scene here is a summer camp at Kasabonika in far northern Ontario and the Ojibwa woman is cleaning red suckers from the lake.

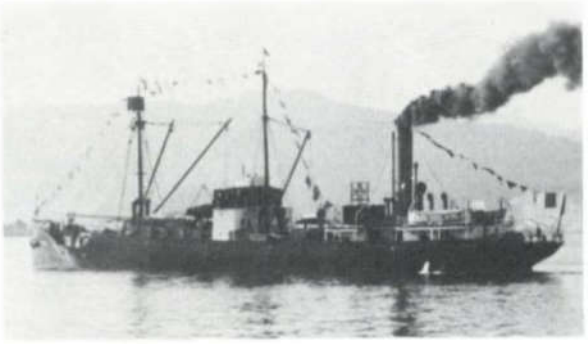


Charlotte's house is at Little Grand Rapids east of Lake Winnipeg on the Berens River. The Saulteaux infant of that village sleeps in a blanket hammock slung on ropes.

On the final voyage of the Company's supply ship 'Baychimo', James Hay who served as stoker, kept the diary that is published here. The manuscript was transcribed by Charles W. Cowan, Lecturer in History at the University of Victoria, who interviewed the author, now in retirement after thirty years at sea and living in Sidney, B.C. Photos are from an album kept by Mr. Hay.

Since the 'Baychimo' was boarded briefly off Wainwright in August 1933 there have been many unauthenticated reports of sightings of the so-called 'ghost ship'.

The 'Baychimo' leaves Vancouver.



BAYCHIMO

By James Hay

WE LEFT COLEMAN EVANS WHARF, Vancouver, B.C., on 7 July 1931, for the Arctic Circle, with supplies for the Hudson's Bay Posts, Church Missions, and R.C.M.P. Posts of the far north, but as I was on watch below I could not see the crowd who were there to see our deeply laden ship pull out with flags and bunting streaming on our masts from bow to stern.

About two hours adjusting compasses.

Next morning about 6 a.m. we let off the pilot and the wives of the skipper and mate [Capt. S. A. Cornwell and J. Sommers] at Victoria, and then away to the Arctic.

Two days out, choppy sea taking waves over her bow, some fun (?) carrying meals forward, clambering over wet deck cargo, watching for a sea to break over her bow, then making a dash to get in the fo'c's'le before another one came over. Fo'c's'le floor very wet from leaking deck and ports. Porthole left open, bunk and self soaked.

Heavy head wind till we got to Unalaska in Aleutian Islands, July 18th, eleven days from Vancouver. Unalaska has old style Russian Church and herring curing plant. American Navy cutter there while we were taking on coal.

Left there next day still facing head wind. Dutch Harbour just around corner from Unalaska. It has a meteorological and radio station.

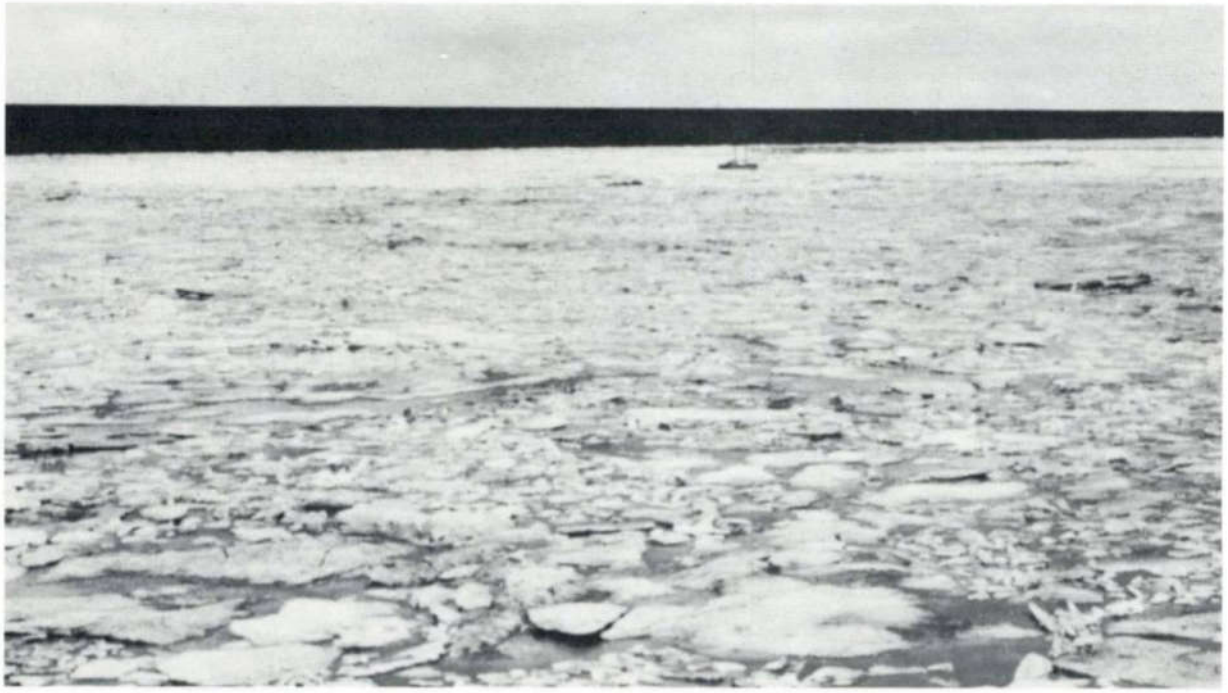
Three days out steering gear giving trouble; arrived off Nome (no wharf) July 23rd. Men came out to ship and fixed up steering gear. Dry squad cutter tied up to ship all the time workmen were aboard to watch for possible bootlegging.

Left Nome July 24th, 3 a.m. arrived twenty miles south of Wainwright Village, which is an Eskimo Village, July 26th, having come through the Bering Straits which are only 35 [56] miles across from Alaska to Siberia. We could not proceed further for miles and miles of Polar Pack Ice, as the wind was blowing the wrong way to move that huge mass out of our way. While we lay at anchor we had Eskimos coming out to the boat in their *umiaks*, which are skin canoes made out of walrus skins, selling us fresh reindeer meat and ducks.

We proceed to just off Wainwright Village, which has a white school teacher and a couple of white traders, one of them having then been 36 years in the Arctic and married to an Eskimo. The rest are Eskimos who live in sod huts. There a few days and then got ahead a little by battling our way through leads (openings) in the ice but we had again to return to just off Wainwright as the ice forced us back.

Still getting visits from Eskimos and a moving picture camera man who is up here taking pictures. Cruising around looking for leads in ice but if we get ahead a few miles one day, are forced back next day as the wind has changed and is moving ice on top of us. Two days while lying at anchor, engine going slow ahead to relieve strain on anchor chain as strong head wind is blowing.

The Eskimo women carry their babies on their backs under their parkas. The women's parkas are longer than the men's, reaching below their knees. To carry the baby they slip it up inside the front of the parka so far and then by a native trick or flip they wriggle it around on to their backs. White women in that country who realise that that is the warmest way to carry their babies in cold



weather have quite a hard time mastering the knack of getting the baby so placed. Once in position the mother passes a belt around herself outside the parka so that it comes just below the baby's knees and in that way the baby is held up. Eskimos are somewhat inclined to be bow-legged and it is claimed that the above is the reason.

A few hours of each day were spent cruising around looking for leads, but if we got ahead one day we were forced back the next by the wind moving the ice on us.

August 9th, wind favourable for moving ice to suit us, we start to try to get to Point Barrow, and have company in the lead we are in, as there have been two other boats waiting to get past the ice as well as ourselves. They are the trading schooner *Trader of Nome*, and the *Paterson* owned and captained by Paterson of San Francisco who has been trading into the Arctic for 37 years and has an enviable reputation as an ice-pilot. All three boats are in the same lead close together near shore, so that there are plenty of fog-horns and sirens blowing as it is quite foggy.

Boats while battling their way through or around the Polar Pack Ice try to keep outside the grounded ice (that which has been forced so near shore that it has gone aground) but as that is all uncharted water it means the sailors are kept busy heaving the lead, taking soundings all the time, which certainly is a *very very* cold job, and are relieved half-hourly. That mode of procedure is quite good until too shallow water is reached, and then it is a terrible struggle to get through the grounded ice to an open lead, if there happens to be one.

During all the battles with the ice (for such they are), the skipper is up in the crows-nest, peering ahead to see

At Wainwright Eskimos brought reindeer meat and ducks out to the boat for sale, and above, the view of ice on August 11, with 'Trader of Nome' in the distance.

Breaking through grounded floes to open water, September 22.

if there are more leads to break his way into when the one he is in gives out. Sometimes he was up there for hours and hours on end. The method used to burst through the ice is that the boat is speeded up to full speed ahead, and that way strikes the ice and slides up on it as the bow of the boat is specially constructed to do that and its weight then breaks through the ice. While perched there for a minute or so before the ice broke, the bow leaked like a basket, showing such treatment was taking its toll. When a little progress is made, the boat is put astern again to get another race at the solid ice, the skipper's orders from the crows-nest being relayed to the engine room by the second mate on the bridge. The Mate watches over the stern to see that no huge slabs of ice, tons and tons in weight, which have broken off, foul the propeller. When there is danger he sounds a shrill whistle and the engine is stopped at once. Quite often the engine was stopped dead by ice fouling it, and it was surprising that with all our days of battling with the ice, only the tips of two propeller blades and half of another were broken. While these battles are in progress there is no chance of sleep for the men off watch in the fo'c's'le, for the pounding of the ice against a steel boat sounds and resounds like a huge drum. I spent many hours watching the ice-breaking.

Again trying to get through leads in the ice to Point Barrow we were held fast, and on Tuesday, Aug. 11th, at 7 p.m., while we were completely iced in by miles of surrounding ice, Lindbergh and his wife flew low over us on their flight to Japan. The three ice-bound ships must have presented an interesting picture from the air. But I believe Lindbergh was not permitted to carry a camera into a foreign country.

We finally reached clear water again but today, August 13th, very cold wind blowing wrong way for moving ice for us to proceed, flurries of snow now and then, more ice being blown in and gradually surrounding us again. Twice while in this vicinity we moored up to big stretches of grounded ice to see if there was any fresh water from melted snow or melted ice lying on them, but no luck. In salt water ice that is old the salt seems to drop to the bottom or disappear and any water that has formed is almost fresh.

Each day there is the usual amount of discussion and talk among the crew as to how long we will be here before we get in past Point Barrow, if we do, and if we can't, how long will we lie here before the skipper decides to try to get back to Vancouver.

Once while we were held in the ice ourselves, we got a wireless S.O.S. from a Russian ice-breaker in similar straits on the Siberian Coast. We heard no more from it, so presumed it got clear.

Friday, August 14th, moored up alongside two masses of ice and got fresh water. Saturday, wind blowing, sending ice all around us so we moved back towards Wainwright to clear water outside of the ice pack. Heavy snow, 9 p.m. Schooner *Trader of Nome, Paterson,* and ourselves lying at anchor not very far apart.

August 16-18, still in the same vicinity, moving a little each day to avoid ice. Yesterday a four masted schooner, the *Holmes,* and the U.S. Cutter *Northland* on its annual inspection trip arrived. Almost immediately the *Holmes* got into difficulty with the ice and was towed clear by the *Paterson*. Last night it snowed for about six hours, cold and miserable on deck, with wind still blowing the wrong way to suit us. Next day, August 19th, we again got water off the ice.

At last on August 20th the wind blew offshore and we all got underway for Point Barrow, which is the most northerly point on the North American Continent, arriving there next day about 9 a.m., the *Trader of Nome* having reached there first, then the *Paterson,* our boat, and the others later. There we got more reindeer meat and took aboard six Eskimos to help later in handling freight and left there at 11 a.m. for Herschel Island, battling ice all the way, and arrived there at 2:30 a.m., on the 26th, in daylight, as we were now in the land of midnight sun. At Herschel we started to discharge freight for the first time.

In the old days the whaling boats used to winter at this island. The R.C.M.P. have their headquarters for the territory there now and breed their own dogs for dog-teams there. It is also a Hudson's Bay Post.

We lay against the island for two days, as it has a sort of natural wharf, and discharged freight with all kinds of natives helping (puzzle how they're paid, if they are), as they'd gathered from far and near to see the big boat.

Left there August 28th, and steamed about four hours but came back and anchored off Herschel Island, as we couldn't get through the ice, did the same on the 29th and 30th. The *Paterson* from Frisco now at Herschel, which is as far as it goes.

Freight goes ashore at Herschel Island.

As the season was getting late to be in these waters, preparations were being made at Herschel Island to take all of our freight in case the ice bucked us indefinitely. However, that night a wireless message was received from the R.C.M.P. boat the *St Roch* that she had succeeded in getting through the ice to our next port of call, after getting her supplies from us. The skipper of the *St Roch* [Henry Larsen] also has quite a reputation, as being a good ice pilot.

Apparently our skipper didn't want to admit defeat, so next morning we left Herschel again and battled and ploughed through ice more fiercely than ever before, for about twenty-four hours, during which time we saw on the ice tracks made by what must have been a big bear. Another day's steaming in clear water took us to Baillie Island, our next call. While in that district the range of smoking mountains can be seen.

Left Baillie Island 5 p.m. Sept. 1st, arrived at Letty Harbour Sept. 2nd, 6 a.m. Left there 5 p.m. same day and arrived at Bernard Harbour Sept. 3rd 6 p.m. Left there Sept. 4th, 6 p.m. At all these places the country is uninvitingly barren, stretches with only scrub grass, but at Coppermine, (formerly Fort Hearne, called after the discoverer), our next port of call, there is vegetation and some cultivation, started by the missionaries; this difference is because we've worked south as well as east. Here we were aground for about four hours on a mud-bar thrown up by the Coppermine River.

Planes fly regularly between Coppermine and Waterways, Alberta, with passengers and mail. Two planes, carrying freight of all kinds, of the Northern Aerial Mineral Exploration Co., fly to and from there to a lake 156 miles away, which is near the mine property.

Here we discharged all our freight as time was getting short, though we were supposed to go still further east. Among the freight was quite a supply of big drums of gasoline which we'd also been discharging at the other ports; this sealed gasoline was being located all through the Arctic by the Government, for planes that might be forced down.

There is a radio station here, and two Church Missions, one of which Webster is in charge of, he figured prominently in the newspapers a few years ago, for he'd been lost in a blizzard for a few days and was O.K. when found. [The Rev. J. H. Webster who was lost for five days in January 1931 – See *The Beaver* June 1936.]

None of the Eskimos we came across here could speak English whereas most of the others we'd met could. Then the women have lines, called 'marriage lines' tattooed deep into their flesh down the centre of their chins and at angles across their cheeks, and the men have holes pierced through their lower lips for 'labret stones'. These stones are shaped like collar-studs, the flat part about the size of a big nickel, inside the mouth between the lower teeth and the lip, and the shank part about as big as a pencil, protruding through the hole in the lip. These things were only noticeable in the older people and the men did not wear the stones but the holes were there quite distinctly, as the missionaries have persuaded them to discontinue these practices.

From Herschel Island we had been carrying quite a number of Husky dogs for dog-teams; they had been chained up, far enough apart to prevent fights, but as space on deck was limited, one felt freer when the dogs were put off at Coppermine, as they are far from tame.

Having taken on a supply of water from the Coppermine River, we now headed for our home port, at 3 a.m. Sept. 9th. We called at Pearce Point on our way back, and at Baillie Island, our next port of call, we left one of the two scows we'd been using, as there are no wharves

Young husky pups befriend the ship's cook.

in the Arctic – the boat lies offshore and the freight is taken ashore in scows.

We reached Herschel Island again on the 12th, leaving there the next day, after putting off the second scow; gale blowing and we battled ice most of the way to Point Barrow. At one place, about thirty miles from there we were stopped by ice for thirty-six hours, but on Sept. 18th we arrived at Barrow, and here our six Eskimos left us. More reindeer meat taken aboard.

The wind now started to blow the Polar Pack in on us, so we were held there. One morning, at 2:30 a.m., while we were thus delayed, the Eskimos caught a whale in a lead quite near the boat, which meant no more sleep for anyone aboard, with the noise they made rejoicing.

Start made to get out of our shelter of grounded ice (which had shielded us) to clear water 100 yards away, at 4 a.m. Sept. 22nd; got through at 6 p.m. same day (14 hours); tried all sorts of schemes to get clear, blasting etc., as previous method not much good now seeing boat is empty and light.

We then steamed for seven hours till we again struck ice in the dark, so anchored till daylight and then steamed through new ice and around old ice for six hours, and were then forced to turn back as ice was getting too big and thick.

We anchored off Sea Horse Islands, about sixty miles from Point Barrow, and lay there in a current comparatively clear of ice. But in a few days ice formed thick around us and one day we were able to play football on the level ice, joined by Eskimos who had come with five dog-teams from Wainwright Village which is only about 20 miles away from us.

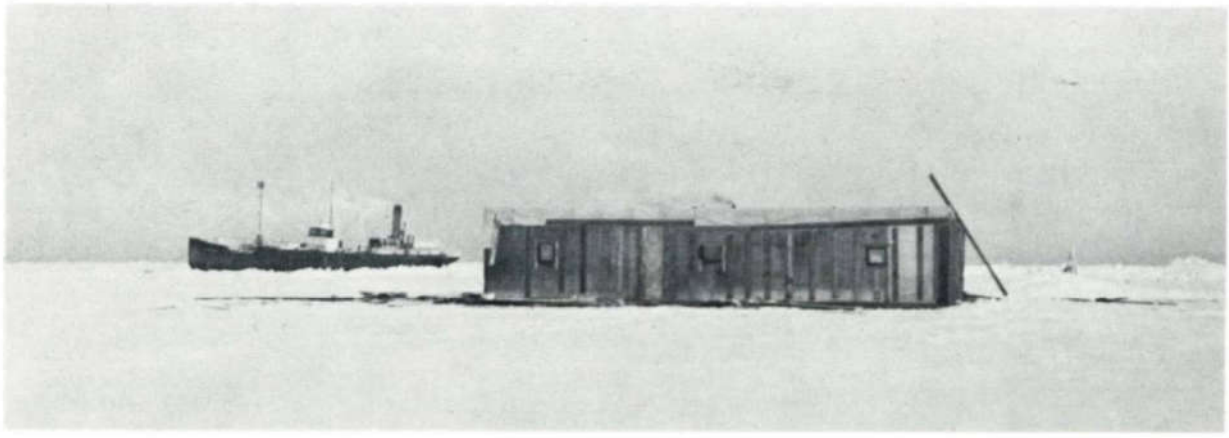
Oct. 3rd. Taking up tank ceiling and spar ceiling in hold, gathering material for a possible emergency shelter ashore. Oct. 5th, wind blew off land but did not move ice for us. When it changed again on Oct. 8th, ice broke in all directions around us, destroying our former football field in a few seconds.

This hurried preparation for our shelter ashore, and as it now appeared that the boat was iced in for the winter, arrangements were made by wireless for planes to come in and take the five or six passengers and half the crew to Nome to catch the last boat out of there on Oct. 25th. Rumours and discussions aboard the boat every day as to whether planes will be in that day or next, or at all, owing to uncertain weather conditions at that time of the year. Work at building hut ashore proceeding, with dog-teams and man-teams hauling stuff and stores (about 1/4 mile) on sledges. Others sawing ice on lake ashore for winter water supply.

Three planes came and took away some of the crowd, and two are now coming every other day getting more men till Oct. 24th, when the last of the twenty-two men to go outside left us and we went ashore to live, and thankful to get ashore as last few weeks aboard boat were miserably uncomfortable owing to cold and frozen pipes, etc. on the steel boat. Hut ashore, built mostly of hatch covers off the top of the holds, was much warmer when eventually it was all covered in with snow blocks, in fact warmer than houses outside, and the boys used to enjoy a good laugh when finally we got an occasional newspaper from outside and read of the hardships we were suffering.

Just previous to going ashore the skipper called us together and read clauses in the Articles we'd signed when joining the ship, which he said we'd maybe not paid particular attention to. It was to the effect that he was still in command though we were now going to live ashore. That incident reminded us of tales when old windjammers had been wrecked in far-off places and the skippers 'called the men'.

The seventeen men who have stayed in, picked more or less as those most likely to get along well together and to be a stand-by party to take the boat out the following summer, have now their various routine jobs to do, such as hauling and cutting up driftwood for firewood to augment the coal taken ashore, others sawing ice on lake for water, others hauling and breaking up same for melting in the hut, others running gas engine taken ashore from a lifeboat to charge batteries for the wireless set; cook got his own job and does by far the most work. Plenty reading material and two victrolas and decks of cards in camp. The boat had as usual carried her emergency stores – a year's supply of food, and plenty of proper clothing for cold weather, so with that and plenty of reindeer meat from the Eskimos we were all right.



Quite a lot of Eskimos visit us from Wainwright, and the men of the few families that live at Attanek, a good sealing ground only a few miles from camp visit us quite often and enjoy our food, and eat it as we do; but when we visit their sod huts, with a well-scraped skin placed over an opening to serve as a window, we find it somewhat different – they sit on the floor and eat raw meat, and dip their fingers in the blood and then suck them. It is all a little more crude than this sounds. Their great difficulty is to get enough water and it is certainly a big handicap to them. We also found it so, and soon got into the habit of saving the water we'd used for washing ourselves, to wash our clothes later on.

I have read since, of an Arctic Expedition who were exploring, seeking the Northwest Passage and conditions aboard the ship were so bad that many of the crew were down with scurvy and things were getting worse when the doctor of the expedition had the rats on the ship caught. The doctor and those who followed his example to eat the rats raw recovered, but the others who didn't died. This seems to prove the Eskimos know from past experience how to avoid scurvy.

Dog-team mail man called at the camp Nov. 1st for mail going outside, and came back Nov. 25th with incoming mail. That man has the respect of all the other Eskimos, for they claim he'll travel through practically all weathers.

Nov. 18th, 1931, the sun left us; since then we have only four or five hours of good twilight. Nov. 26th, for a day or so now it has been blowing, and one cannot see very far so nobody ventures far; about noon it cleared up for a short time and it was discovered that the boat had disappeared from where it was anchored less than a quarter of a mile off shore. Seeing it continued to blow for another day, no search could be made for the boat till the blizzard had ended. While the blow was on the moving ice made quite a noise–in fact you could hear the landscape changing; it was so changed when the storm had passed that no trace of the boat could be found. There was a mound of ice nearly 100 feet high where the boat had been anchored, and at first it was thought that it was buried there, but a search showed us that this was not so.

A cabin is built on shore from hatch covers, tarpaulins and planks from the lining of the vessel. Members of the crew take in food supplies and prepare to spend the winter.

The boat being now gone, we were left without the miserable job of sawing and hacking the ice from around the propeller and rudder, as these places are usually kept free when the boats are iced in.

About a week later a trapper sighted the boat on the top of the Polar Pack Ice near Point Barrow. As the boat was now a salvage prize, a white trapper and an Eskimo took great risks going out aboard the boat to get the ten bales of fox furs that were still aboard. The boat was quite far off shore and the ice they travelled over far too rough to carry or haul a skin canoe to come back in if the Polar Pack got blown out, so they were very lucky in accomplishing what they did. The trapper was a man called Ollie Morris and the Eskimo who helped him was Charlie Adraigailak.

Some wonderful displays of Northern Lights to be seen, filling the whole sky, and at times they make a crackling noise. I'd like to have been able to take some pictures of them but they are continually moving.

The chore of keeping rudder and propeller clear of ice ended when the ship disappeared in a storm.

Dec. 24th—left camp for Wainwright, travelling by dog-team, 20° below, brilliant moonlight. I travelled with an Eskimo who had spent the previous two days coming in from his trap line, when he had to rely entirely on his lead dog to bring him home as he had got lost during the blow (blizzard) we then had. These dogs have wonderful stamina, and one does admire them even though they are ferocious brutes. They keep jogging along whether on level-going or over stretches of really rough hilly ice, and then you've got to be ready to jump off the sled or else you're quite likely to be thrown off. Arrived at Wainwright at 8 p.m. Christmas Eve, when all the Eskimos are gathered in the schoolhouse to give presents to each other. They held sports for a week then, in which everybody joined, and the village was divided into two big sides of men, women and children, and of course we joined as well. Most of the sports are held in the school where everybody sits on the floor and watches the strong men of each side compete in feats of strength in a clear space in the centre.

Two of the main events on the sports program were a dog-team race and a foot race. The dog-team race covered twenty-eight miles; fifteen teams competed, with teams of nine, eleven, or thirteen dogs hitched up double with a single dog leading. What a wonderful picture the start of that race would have made, but of course it was impossible seeing the sun was gone. These Eskimos never use whips on their dogs, and though they don't pet them, they are not cruel to them (like some white men) even though they do keep them chained up outside in all weathers.

The foot race of eleven miles, was run in 35° below weather with a slight wind blowing, which sort of contradicted the theories about not running in such temperatures in case of freezing the lungs. These natives can run even though a few had to quit on account of extreme cold, and they'd teach us how to play sports—no quibbling or questioning decisions.

We had a nice time dancing etc., as the younger people want to learn our dances and can do them quite well, but the older people wish to keep up their own dances, which are done individually and to their own music, made by six or seven striking native drums and singing at the same time. The music and singing keeps getting faster and faster as well as the dancing. Seeing them dance once is enough, as it is nothing but twisting and contorting themselves individually, supposed to be, I believe, them fighting wild animals.

We came back to camp on New Year's Eve, 30° below, and facing a slight head wind.

January 5th, 1932, mail man called for mail going outside and returned about the end of January.

Sun reappeared Jan. 23rd, then the weather started to get colder as it always does with the return of the sun.

Early in February word came in by wireless from Hudson's Bay Co. that planes would come in for us as soon as possible if everybody was prepared to travel out that way at their own risk. After plenty of discussion it was decided that everybody was agreeable to that and we all signed a paper to that effect.

Left hut, which was almost buried by now with drifted snow, by plane Feb. 12th. Got to Kotzebue in less than 3½ hours (340 miles). There till 19th, enjoying card parties and dancing while others were being relayed and delayed by weather; also watched Eskimos fishing through the ice at 40° below, with a windbreak of snow blocks to shield them.

My opinion of the Eskimos was that they are a fine intelligent race of people, living a hard life, which life seems to take the greater toll on the women who age rapidly, their skin gets old and lined, and their teeth are worn down from chewing skins for making *mukluks*, the Eskimo footwear, and ours while we were there.

Landed at Tanana from Kotzebue, which was over 600 miles, late on the 19th—very cold, 40 below or more, as Tanana is right at the junction of the Tanana and Yukon Rivers. Left there next day, got to Fairbanks in a couple of hours. About 1,000 miles by plane, gets

pretty cold after flying about an hour in an unheated plane in these temperatures, even when properly dressed for it as we were.

In Fairbanks ten days, delayed there a week longer than we should have been as train was delayed with snowstorms coming through the mountains. We experienced our coldest weather while there—52 below. Had dances and shows while there, and some of the boys got their hands frozen.

Left Fairbanks by train Feb. 29th. First call was Nenana where the timing of the ice moving for the big Yukon River sweepstake takes place. There was no diner car nor sleeping car on train, so it stopped at a roadhouse for passengers to eat lunch and as it doesn't travel at night it stopped at Currie for the night. Were delayed quite a bit getting to Currie, as rotary snow-plough ahead was having difficulty keeping the tracks clear. We left Currie, March 1st, and reached Anchorage for lunch, having passed Mt McKinley, which is the highest mountain on the North American Continent (20,404 feet). In summer the boats run up to Anchorage, but when we were there the whole sea was frozen.

From Anchorage to Seward is an interesting journey, as there are glaciers to pass and going over the mountains the track twists and turns like a corkscrew, getting over the ridge; at one place six or seven bridges and snow sheds can be seen at once.

We stayed in Seward that night and next day left on the S.S. *Yukon,* which boat I cannot praise, and eventually got to Seattle, calling at Latouche, Valdez, Cordova, Skagway (where Soapy Smith's skull is painted on the rock bluff against which the wharf is built), Juneau, Ketchikan, and one or two more. We reached Seattle 10 p.m. March 7th, and left there same night at 11 p.m. on the C.P.R. boat *Princess Charlotte,* after the U.S. Immigration Officials saw we were O.K.

Got to Vancouver March 8th, 7 a.m., and paid off same day. ◆

Charlie Adraigailak who boarded the 'Baychimo' with trapper Ollie Morris as she drifted in ice off Point Barrow. In February the last of the crew were flown out to Kotzebue, then on to Fairbanks to return south by ship.

"FINAN THE BUFFALO"

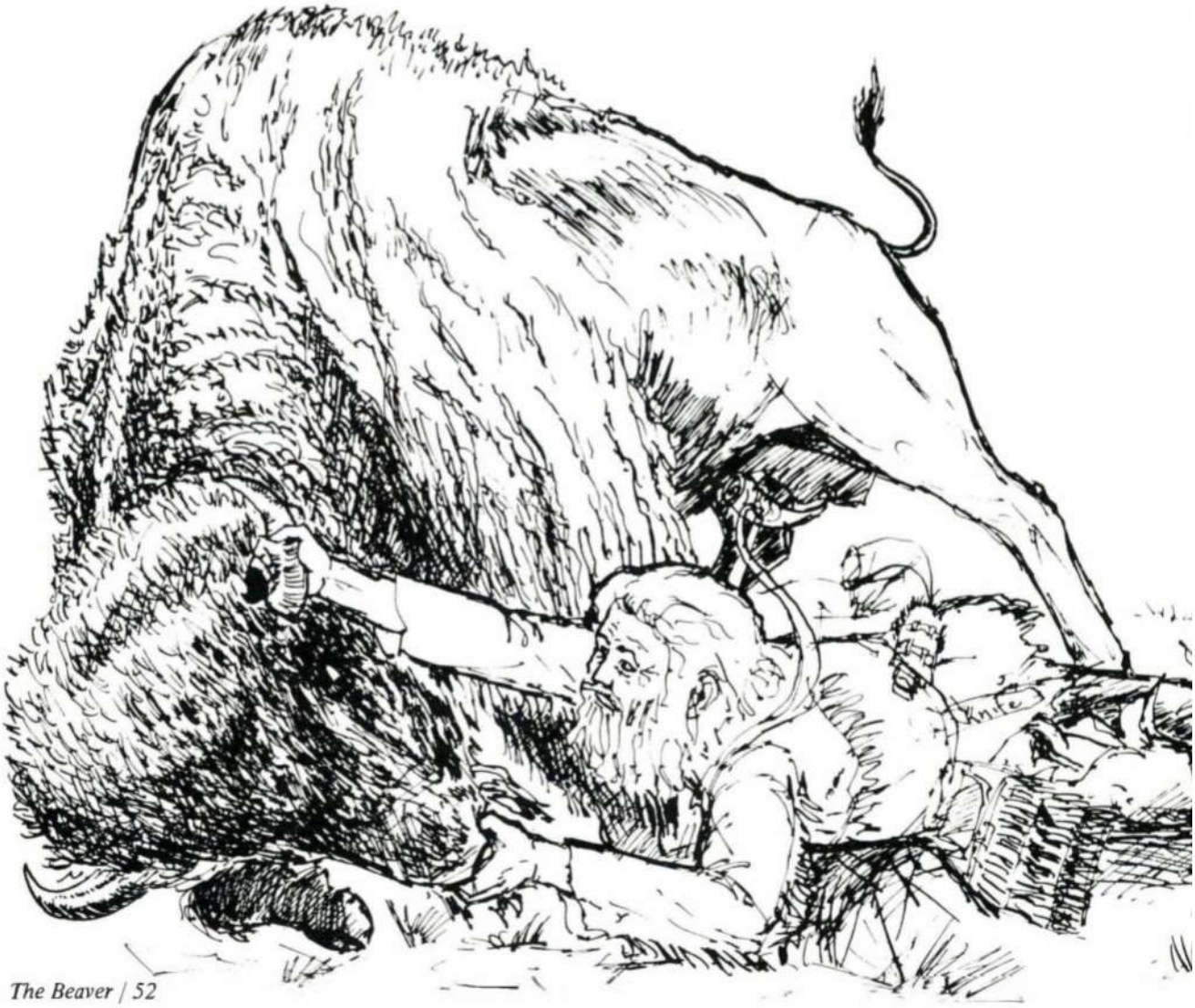
By HUGH MacMILLAN
Department of Public Records and Archives, Government of Ontario

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE to wrestle a buffalo? Weighing in at about two thousand pounds, a buffalo bull stands nearly six feet at the shoulder. The sight of his massive head with the matted hair and spiked horns, charging at one, would send a chill through all but the most foolhardy.

On the evening of 1 June 1827, Finan McDonald was engaged in such a battle near the banks of the Saskatchewan river. Thus he came by the nickname 'Finan the Buffalo'. It certainly wasn't his choice to get involved in such a battle, despite his qualifications. Standing well over six feet tall, weighing near 250 pounds, Finan soon demonstrated to the spectators that he had the power to at least hang onto a buffalo.

Actually Finan had excellent training for this sort of sport. On hunts with his Flathead Indian friends for wild horses he would race alongside a likely looking horse, leap from the saddle, grapple the horse to the ground by twisting its head down, then hold on until the Indians could rope it. With this sort of training, it is understandable that he could hold a buffalo by the head.

A son of Angus Ban McDonald, Finan was born in 1782 in Aberdeenshire, Scotland. He emigrated with his parents to Glengarry, Upper Canada. Farming was not for him and in 1804 he entered the service of the famous fur trading concern, the North West Company of Montreal. The Company had posts scattered across Canada that were serviced by twenty-six-foot north country canoes, and thirty-six-foot Montreal canoes. Finan would have travelled some three thousand miles to the Columbia River district by one of these tough craft. Here he would start serving his five-year apprenticeship as a green clerk. An interesting letter was turned up recently, mailed to him by his father, and carried westward by another Nor'Wester, Donald McGillis. The address read: 'Finan McDonald, somewhere on the



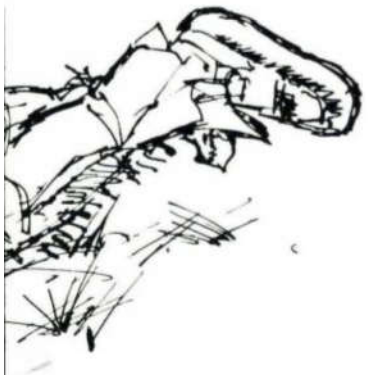
Columbia River.' Here Finan worked at his trade under Canada's famous mapmaker, David Thompson.

Ross Cox the Irish journalist who met him near the Columbia River in 1813 wrote 'he spoke Gaelic, English, French and later learned several Indian dialects. Standing six feet four, his uncut flaming red hair and beard gave him a wild appearance. Gentle as a lamb, he had the courage of a lion. He was particularly affectionate to men of small size and would stand their bantering. However, let one of his own size take advantage of his good nature, and his lowering look would warn of an approaching eruption.' McDonald for the mere love of fighting accompanied the Flatheads on their forays against those great plains fighters, the Blackfoot. In the summer of 1812 at the buffalo plains they encountered a party of Blackfoot and drove them into a grove of trees. Finan exhorted the Flatheads to go in after them, but only the war chief of the Flatheads would follow him. Galloping in, Finan shot the Blackfoot chief and the rest scattered. It was exploits such as this that earned Finan a fearsome reputation among the Indians.

In 1827 Finan found himself battling the maddened buffalo bull; he had wounded him, then his horse stumbled, leaving him on foot. He tried to escape to a clump of trees, but seeing he could not make it he threw himself to the ground, hoping to escape the beast's charge. This failed and the animal's thrust with his horn laid his leg open from knee to buttock. Fainting with pain, he grabbed the buffalo by one horn and his nostril, which was about the only way he could hang onto the powerful brute.

Edward Ermatinger, another fur trader, witnessed the event and wrote:

> Due to the immense power of the brute he was obliged to quit his hold, on doing this he dislocated his wrist. Finan was still losing blood from his horrible wound. The last furious butt made Finan call out and what is more strange the bull fell down as if a ball had struck him. In this state they both remained while Mr. Herriot ran to the boats, at least two miles distant for assistance. I remained near the spot to point it out. We witnessed the horrible affair, but could not give immediate relief lest we kill Finan while firing at the bull.
>
> The arriving rescue party accidentally discharged a gun and the buffalo made off on the run. We found Mr. McDonald perfectly sensible, although as he said himself, "I fainted several times! The bull watched me the whole time, and I durst not stir. The animal appeared to suffer much, groaning and vomiting blood a great deal." The ground around bore much results of this dreadful catastrophe, being gored up in many places, and covered in blood. A shot pouch which McDonald wore at his left side, made of thick sealskin, covered with porcupine quills, and stuffed with rags for wadding was to be found pierced thro and thro. It must have saved his life.



It is seldom that one written account of such a dramatic event survives, much less two accounts that agree. This case is the exception as David Douglas the famous Scottish botanist was on the same hunting party and recorded the event in his journal.

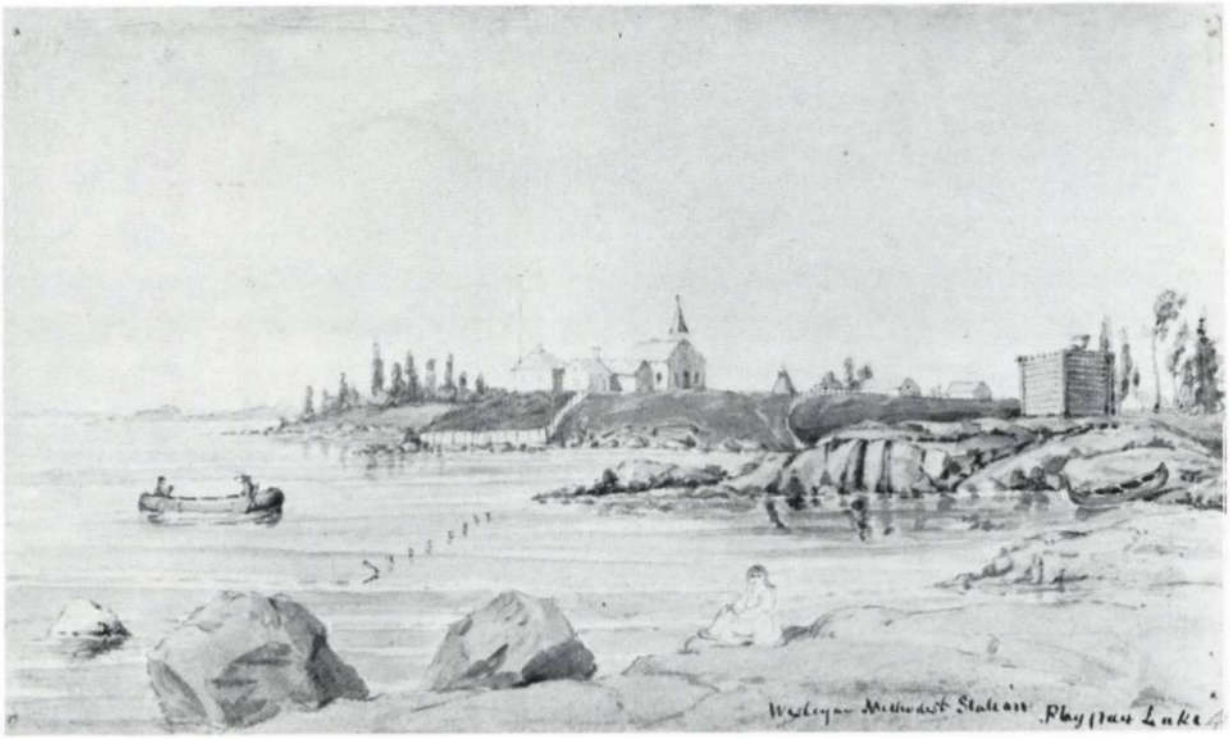
> Mr. F. McDonald . . . found Mr. H. [Harriott] and E. [Ermatinger] pursuing a bull that had been wounded, in which he joined. The animal, which had suffered less injury than was expected, turned and gave chase to Mr. McDonald and overtook him . . . he had presence of mind to throw himself on his belly flat on the ground, but this did not save him. He received the first stroke on the back of the right thigh, and pitched in the air several yards. The wound sustained was a dreadful laceration literally laying open the whole back part of the thigh to the bone; received five more blows, at each of which he went senseless. Perceiving the beast preparing to strike him a seventh, he laid hold of his wig (his own words) and hung on; man and bull sank the same instant.

On the arrival of a rescue party

> . . . a shot went off by accident without doing any injury to anyone, and had the unexpected good fortune to raise the bull, first sniffing his victim, turning him gently over, and walking off. I went up to him and found life still apparent, but quite senseless. He had sustained most injury from a blow on the left side, and had it not been for a strong double sealskin shot-pouch, with ball, shot, wadding etc., which shielded the stroke, unquestionably he must by that alone have been deprived of life, being opposite the heart. The horn went through the pouch, coat, vest flannel, and cotton shirts, and bruised the skin and broke two ribs . . . My lancet being always in my pocket like a watch, I had him bled and his wounds bound up, when he was carried to the boat; gave twenty-five drops of laudanum and procured sleep . . .

It took a hardy Highlander to survive such a hammering and the subsequent medical treatment. Finan had the strength and style that legends are made of, and deserves to be better known. Modern cities as Spokane, Washington and Bonner's Ferry, Idaho grew up from fur trade posts that he established. Lacking education, he nevertheless left his mark on the history of the West. His brother John, a partner in the Nor'Westers had this to say of Finan in writing to another brother, Colonel James McDonald of Glengarry on 27 August 1825: 'Notwithstanding I was sending down money to keep Finan in school he left and came to this country without proper education. The consequence is he cannot rise higher than the charge of a single post for lack of education. In every other way he is possessed of the qualities to make him a partner.' Modern parents make similar remarks about their school dropouts, but who would think it applied the same way in the colourful days of the fur trade.

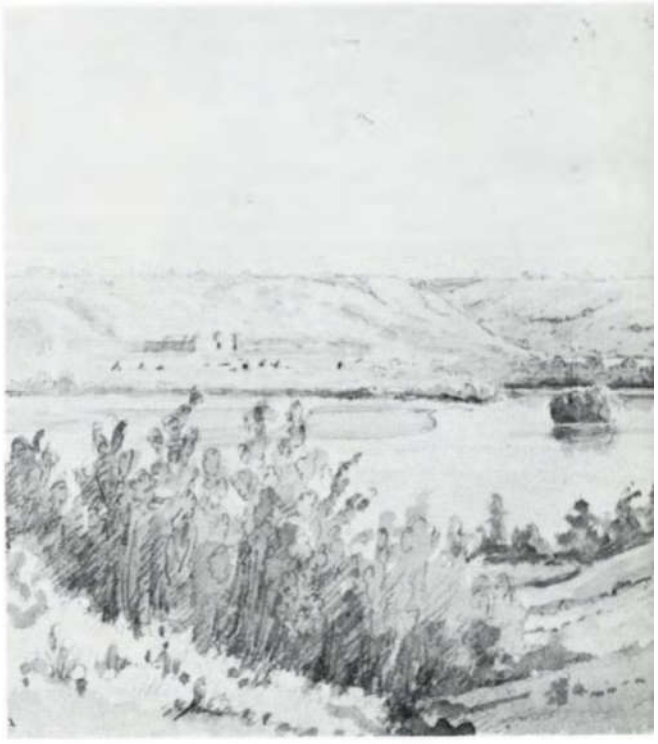
When Finan retired from the fur trade in 1827, he brought his Indian wife and family east to live in Glengarry, among relatives and friends. He died in 1851 and is buried in an unmarked grave in the old Roman Catholic cemetery at St. Raphael's parish church. ◆



PAUL KANE

'THE RED MAN was disappearing everywhere' Paul Kane believed. In 1845 he set out to create with sketchbook, paints, and pencil a lasting record of the final years of the Indian's original way of life. He spent the first season around the Great Lakes mainly among the Ojibwa; in the spring of 1846 he travelled west along the fur trade chain established by the Hudson's Bay Company. On the way, at the direction of Governor George Simpson, he was extended 'the kind attentions and the hospitalities' of the factors and 'passages from post to post in the Company craft – free of charge'.

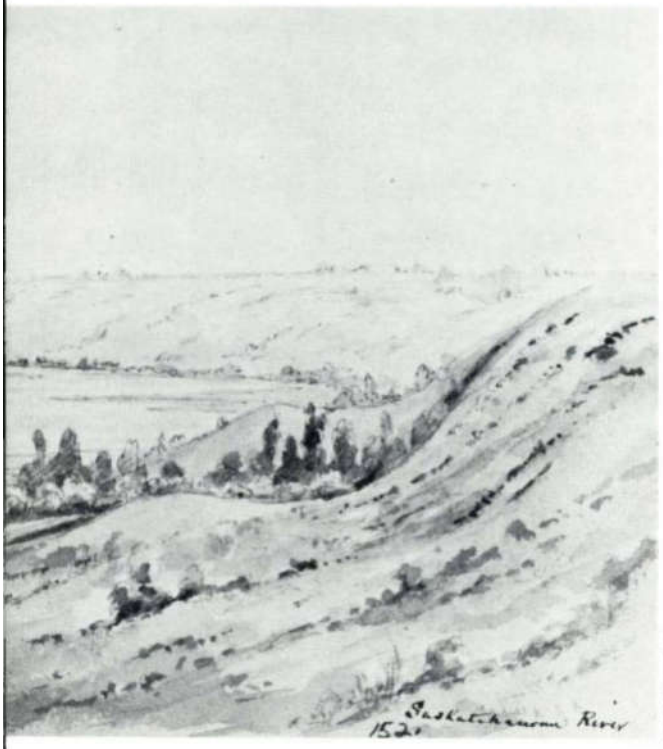
After three summers he returned to Toronto with a vast and remarkable collection of work. Professor J. Russell Harper of Sir George Williams University, former curator of Canadian art at the National Gallery, in his recently published biography of Kane writes 'Kane had lavished the greatest care on both his water colour and his oil sketches during the western trip. Landscapes bloom with the glow of the clear Canadian atmosphere. Drawings of heads are masterpieces in miniature with a careful expression of character, luminous backgrounds, and appealing colour.'

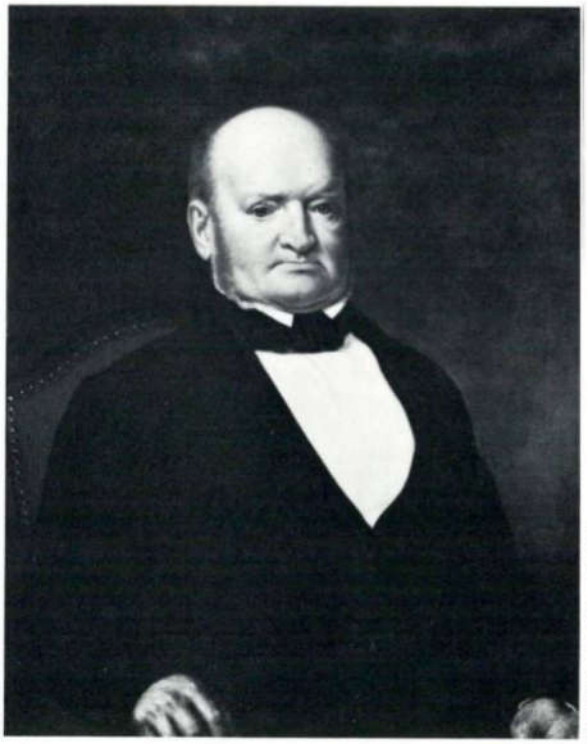


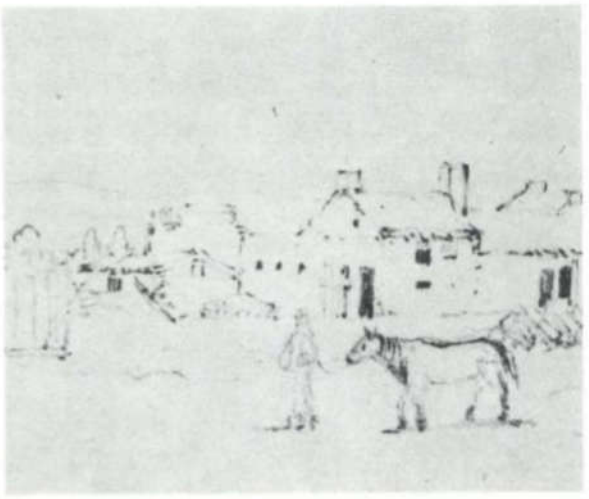
A month after his return, Kane exhibited 240 selected sketches at the old City Hall on King Street in

A few miles from Norway House, Kane sketched the Wesleyan Mission Station (left) – 'about thirty small log houses, with a church and dwelling-house for the minister. It is supported by the Company with the hope of improving the Indians . . .'. He also painted virtually all the Hudson's Bay Company posts he visited. 'These squat bastions in the wilderness spelled safety and comfort when travellers saw them from a distance, and this was the way Kane preferred to sketch them'. Below, centre is 'Fort Carlton from a Distance'.

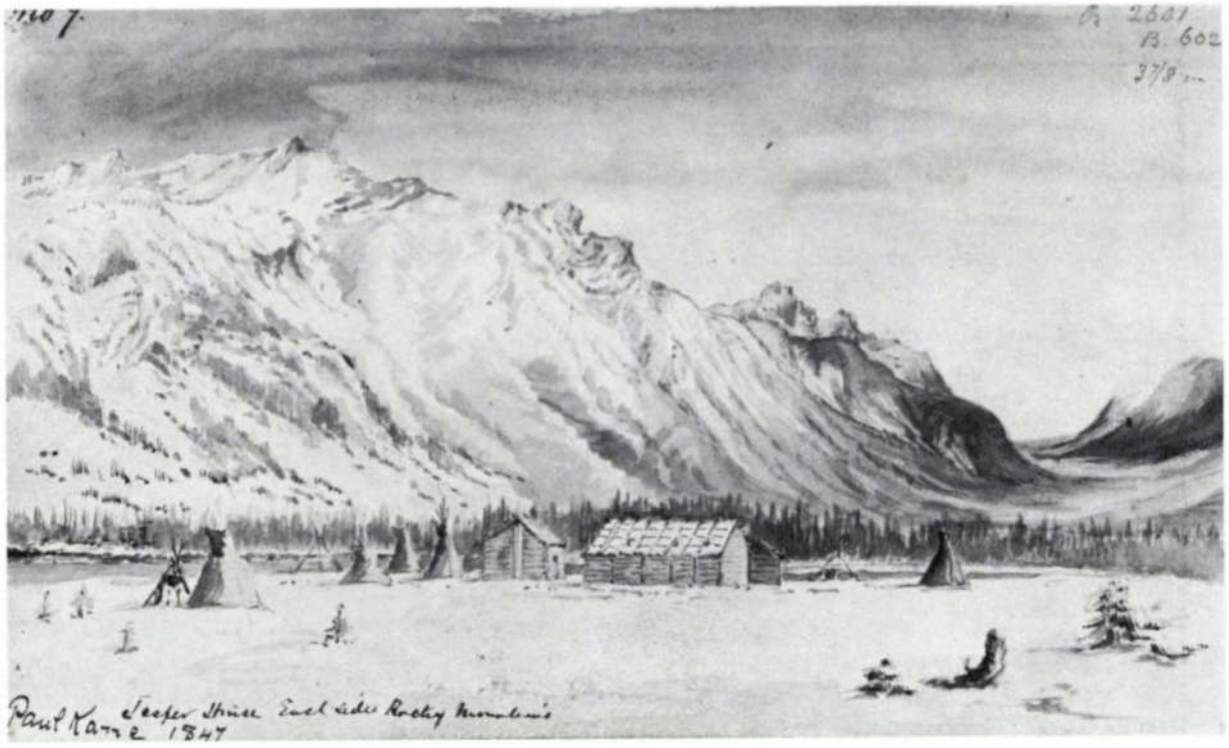
From his field sketch, Kane painted this canvas of Mah-min, chief of the Assiniboine at Rocky Mountain House, adding 'another roach, a club which may not even come from the prairies, a quiver slung over his back, and a beaded jacket.' Below, right, Mayor George Gurnett of Toronto whose portrait Kane painted 'no later than 1851'.







Four months after Kane took this peaceful sketch of the Whitman mission at Waiilatpu, Dr. Whitman and thirteen of his mission people were massacred by the Cayuse Indians. Below is 'Jasper's house' which, wrote Kane 'consists of only three miserable log huts . . .'. On the left is 'He-Devil', the Ojibway chief who was pleased when Kane told him that his likeness would be sent to the great mother, the Queen.



Norway House, an oil on paper.

Toronto. His work was acclaimed for its 'truthfulness' and 'extraordinary vigour', but Kane closed the showing abruptly. His most important work, he felt, was still ahead. From the field sketches he would paint one hundred canvases, presenting a panorama of Indian life from the Great Lakes to the Pacific; these were to be substantial works with the 'breadth of effect' esteemed by mid-19th century connoisseurs. In many of the final oils, Kane substituted gray or other neutral tones for clear brilliant colour and added 'certain embellishments' to his Indian portraits, decreasing their value as an authentic record.

Over 300 of the pencil and watercolour sketches were purchased during Kane's lifetime by his patron and friend, George William Allan. Senator Allan also purchased the hundred western canvases. Both collections are now in the Royal Ontario Museum. The field sketches that remained in Kane's studio at the time of his death—many of them oils—were passed to his son who for some years kept them in his home at Rathwell, Manitoba. In 1957, over 200 of these were sold to H. J. Lutcher Stark and are with the Stark Foundation in Orange, Texas.

To commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the death of Kane in 1871, an exhibition of sketches and canvases was assembled by Professor Harper for the National Gallery of Canada and the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art, Fort Worth, Texas. Shown here is a selection of Kane's work from the exhibition which has been seen at Fort Worth, Texas; the Glenbow-Alberta Institute, Calgary; the Oregon Historical Society, Portland; the Edmonton Art Gallery, and the Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto. It remains at the National Gallery of Canada in Ottawa until 26 March 1972.

The handsome and recently published volume *Paul Kane's Frontier*, edited by Harper, brings together new biographical information, a reprint of Kane's book *The Wanderings of an Artist among the Indians of North America*, 48 colour and 204 black and white plates, a catalogue of all known works and a selection of letters. Among the letters are several from Governor George Simpson. In one, Simpson protests 'In taking the sketch of the buffalo hunt you were good enough to send me last year, you must have stood in the rear of the herd; a side view would have given a better idea of the appearance of the animals'. Later, in 1849, Simpson acknowledges receiving ten sketches from Kane 'which I prize very highly'.

Paul Kane's Frontier, edited and with a biographical introduction, catalogue raisonée by J. Russell Harper; University of Toronto Press, 350 pp. with plates; $27.50.

In November last year when the Kane exhibition opened in Edmonton the 'jolly' Christmas dinner of 1847 at which Kane was a guest was re-enacted in the 'Indian House' at Fort Edmonton. Several dishes described in the artist's diary were served: boiled buffalo hump, buffalo tongue, dried moose nose, whitefish and wild duck. Participants in the original celebrations were represented (to the left and at the head of the table) by H. L. Spelliscy, General Manager, Edmonton Metropolitan District of the Hudson's Bay Company (Chief Factor John Edward Harriott); and on his left, the Most Reverend A. Jordan (the Reverend Jean-Baptiste Thibault); Alfred Schmidt, Edmonton Art Gallery (Paul Kane); City Commissioner G. S. Hughes (clerk); to the right of the host, the Reverend H. A. Meadows (Methodist missionary Robert Rundle) and A. W. Daniels, Métis Association of Alberta (clerk). The seventh member of the original party, a Company clerk, was represented by Provincial Archivist Alan Ridge.

The reconstruction of the Fort Edmonton of 1846 is being done by the City of Edmonton and the Fort Edmonton Park Foundation. To date the 'Indian House' and the 'Married Men's Quarters' have been reconstructed within twenty-foot-high palisades.

EDMONTON JOURNAL

NORTHERN BOOKS

THE ROYAL NAVY AND THE NORTHWEST COAST OF NORTH AMERICA 1810 TO 1914

By Barry M. Gough. University of British Columbia Press, Vancouver. 1971. Illus. 294 pages. $12.00.

Reviewed by Flora Hamilton Burns

This book is one of the most important and informative publications to come before British Columbians and the Canadian people in Centennial Year, for it records in detail the events which brought into existence the Province of British Columbia which entered Confederation in 1871.

With its meticulous bibliography, rich reference material and interesting illustrations the author has accomplished an enormous task of historical research and verification of facts, but this does not impede the flow of the narrative, and the reader's interest is maintained throughout the book.

During the period covered by Dr Gough the territories west of the Rocky Mountains and eastward to the Great Lakes were the targets of the expanding empires of Russia and the United States of America. Canadians have been prone to take for granted that after the defeat of France on the Plains of Abraham Canada enjoyed uncontested development under the British flag from the Atlantic to the Pacific with no danger from foreign encroachment. Barry Gough's well documented book presents a very different picture.

There were long periods when hardly a year passed during which delicate questions of boundaries and sovereignty did not arise, and British Columbia and the Dominion of Canada would not exist in their present form had not the Royal Navy, with its command of the sea, been available, not only to guard coasts and ports, but also to provide officers on the spot with international experience, who were able to evaluate and interpret the trend and meaning of events. As senior officers in command they were in a position to make recommendations through the Admiralty to the British Cabinet on matters of prime importance in the maintenance of British sovereignty, for in certain instances British politicians failed to grasp the full significance of occurrences in Northwest America. Dr Gough has furnished an important chapter in our history which has not hitherto been brought to the attention of the Canadian people.

Dr Gough points out that the ships of the Royal Navy were among the first belonging to any European nation to penetrate the vast waters of the Pacific, and Appendix A gives a fascinating résumé of the evolution of the British Pacific Station from its beginnings in Valparaiso in 1808 until 1862 when Esquimalt Harbour became 'the chief haven of the Navy in the Pacific and the focal point of its operations'. It was Britain's largest naval station, extending from Bering Sea to the Antarctic Circle and from the Longitude of Cape Horn to 170° degrees West Longitude, thus encompassing all the American shores west of the Horn and all the islands westward to Samoa. Its task was to ensure that British traders, missionaries, and consular agents would be immune from attack or interference.

Between 1810 and 1914 the supremacy of British warships constituted the shield behind which the fur-trading companies, together with the colonial settlements of Vancouver Island and the British Columbia mainland could prosper and mature, protected from Indian attacks, lawless gold seekers, and foreign encroachments. When the Crimean War and the war scares of 1877-8 and 1885 threatened Russian attacks, and when difficulties arose with the United States over the Oregon Boundary, the San Juan Islands, and the American policy of 'Manifest Destiny' threatened to absorb the greater part of the Canadian Northwest, the Royal Navy supplied the deterrent. Even after Confederation, when the new Dominion of Canada proved unable and disinclined to provide for the defence of her own coasts the Royal Navy afforded the principal means of protection for the next forty years until establishment of the Canadian Navy in 1910.

This is a book for today, filled with salutary warnings for tomorrow. Events today are no less dangerous than in the past, and present many parallels. This valuable and authoritative book should be in the hands of all teachers and students at our universities and high schools.

In his final paragraph Dr Gough summarizes succinctly the results of Great Britain's Naval policy, stating: '. . . The division of the greater part of the North American continent between the United States on the one hand and Britain and Canada on the other is due in part to British Naval supremacy. Britain's national strategy was based on primacy at sea. Her rivals in the nineteenth century, including Russia and the United States, could never afford to ignore this. Both in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans maritime factors decided the course of empires, and the exercise of sea power by the Royal Navy constituted a determining influence in Canada's possession of a Pacific shore: a fact of certain significance to Canada, to North America, and, ultimately, to the Commonwealth and to the Pacific rim.'

Nautical history of the west coast has for long been a particular study of Miss Burns whose forebears were among the naval people on that coast.

ESKIMO ART

We are proud to announce in 1972 a third printing of the Centennial issue of *The Beaver* which presents in popular form knowledgeable people writing on aspects of international Eskimo carving both old and new, as well as pottery, painting, and masks, with map and selected bibliography.

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ON THE EDGE OF THE SHIELD
Fort Chipewyan and its Hinterland

Edited by Dr John W. Chalmers. Boreal Institute for Northern Studies, University of Alberta, Edmonton, 1971. 60 pages, paperback. $2.00.

Reviewed by J. G. MacGregor

In view of the interest currently aroused by the problems of the Peace-Athabasca Delta, this brief booklet, which is the Institute's Occasional Publication No. 7, is a timely introduction to some of the aspects of Fort Chipewyan's history. It contains a good map, several interesting pictures and seven essays which, because they first saw the light as a series of radio talks, average six pages long. The articles, each by an authority on his subject, deal with the geography of the area and with its history from the days of Alexander Mackenzie down to recent times which have seen great advances in educational opportunity for the population of some 1,500 people of predominantly Indian and Métis stock who at the same time have found their economic opportunities decreasing.

For Fort Chipewyan, the oldest continuously settled community in Alberta and once the hub of the transportation system supplying the near and the far north, has fallen on troublous times. Left remote from highways, by-passed by a railway which has usurped its role of gateway to the north, having difficulties coming to terms with the 20th century's frenetic pace and finally hit a devasting blow by British Columbia's Bennett dam, which has lowered the water level in the Peace-Athabasca Delta, it needs help.

Within the limit of the length of the essays, they are good, particularly those by Dr Chalmers and J. M. Parker, both dealing with fur trade history, and the final 'Death of the Delta' by Professor W. A. Fuller, Alberta's outstanding expert on ecology. It offers one of the very few sane yet nevertheless damning expositions in the field recently discredited by band-wagon-climbing enthusiasts. The pictures accompanying it, however, purporting to illustrate Fort Chipewyan's lake level before and after the dam are dramatically overdrawn by being taken from two entirely different angles.

The essay by W. G. Laatsch, a geographer, sets the stage in a physical sense and leads up to some of the human problems. The remaining contributions by Dr William Knill and Dr L. R. Gue, deal with educational problems. They revert back to the Indian Treaty of 1899 and discuss the different and difficult paths trodden by Cree, Chipewyan and Métis since that time. Explaining in some detail events leading up to Alberta's Métis Betterment Act and subsequent successes and failures in setting up Métis' colonies and dealing with the subject of schools run by missionaries, the articles go on to note the secularization of Metis and Indian education by means of Northland School Division.

This little booklet, though brief, is sound and gives one a hasty glance at the past and at the problems of this remote community.

By profession an engineer, his many books (among them 'Peter Fidler: Canada's Forgotten Surveyor') have established J. G. MacGregor as a leading writer of Canadian history of the northwest.

PACIFIC CROSSING
Luxton's 'Tilikum' Journal

Edited by Eleanor Georgina Luxton. Gray's Publishing Co., Sidney, B.C. 1971. 159 pages. Illus., map. $7.50.

Reviewed by Douglas Leechman

This is a book that has long been needed. It shows the other side of a famous voyage under the command of a well-known captain, who presented his own version of the affair in *The Venturesome Voyage of Captain Voss* in 1926. Luxton, who had kept his own notes, found many points on which he disagreed and now his daughter, working from these notes, presents his side of the story in *Tilikum, Luxton's Pacific Crossing* from their departure from Oak Bay in Victoria, B.C., to his leaving the ship in the Fijis where he and Voss parted company.

Eleanor Luxton, with sound scientific training, has organized her material carefully and efficiently. There are biographical sketches of her father, Norman Luxton, and of John Claus Voss, the Captain, and of the West Coast Indian dug-out canoe in which they made their hazardous voyage, the *Tilikum*. Tilikum is a word from the old Chinook Jargon, meaning a man or people, and by extension, a friend. Competent research and sound scholarship are evident throughout her work.

Norman Kenny Luxton, whose fame rests not solely on this voyage, was a man of many parts: newspaper man, Indian Agency clerk, Honorary Indian Chief, trading store operator, and valued friend of the Stoney people with whom he traded, here he appears larger than life. His daughter has assembled his random notes into a smooth-flowing and absorbing narrative. I wish it were twice as long, for it's well worth reading.

As for the physical book itself, it may be much sought after by collectors. It is beautifully printed by Charles E. Morriss, one of the foremost printers in Canada. The title page is a work of art, recalling some of the fine title pages we know from the Middle Ages, well balanced, clean, and legible, worthy of far more than a passing glance. Gray's Publishing of Sidney, B.C., must be proud indeed to add this to their catalogue.

Dr Leechman, author and lexicographer, was formerly anthropologist at the National Museum of Canada.

SCULPTURE/INUIT
Masterworks of the Canadian Arctic

Published for the Eskimo Arts Council by University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 1971. 493 pages, illustrated. $17.50: paperback $7.50.

Reviewed by Kay Kritzwiser

For what we have left of the ancient Eskimo sculptures, let us devoutly thank the Canadian arctic permafrost and its low bacterial action. For what we can hope for from contemporary Eskimo sculpture, take heart from *Sculpture/Inuit*, a book reproduction of the exhibition 'Sculpture of the Inuit: Masterworks of the Canadian Arctic'.

The exhibition, organized by the Eskimo Arts Council and launched in Vancouver in November 1971, will travel an international museum circuit including Paris; Copenhagen; Moscow; Leningrad; London, England; and Philadelphia before returning to Canada in 1973. Its final date is April 1973 at the National Museum of Man, Ottawa.

Sculpture/Inuit is three-quarters filled with photographs of the 405

Kane's watercolour sketch of White Mud Portage on the Winnipeg River is the basis for his canvas of the same scene below.

pieces of the exhibition. The works range from about 720 B.C. (an ivory masquette discovered a few years ago) to 1970 carvings like 'Kneeling Caribou,' the work of Oshooweetok 'B', of Cape Dorset. While the photographs (there are a dozen in colour, so visually authentic one wishes the entire collection could have been in colour) provide the backbone information of the book, three essays give a stimulating historical background.

George Elliott, chairman of the Canadian Eskimo Arts Council, in his introduction, describes 'Eskimo Masterworks' as an exhibition of historical, archaeological, anthropological, and aesthetic values. Normally that kind of category might harpoon one painfully with more than one ever wanted to know about Eskimo sculpture. But between them, Dr William E. Taylor, Jr, director, National Museum of Man, Ottawa; George Swinton, University of Manitoba School of Art professor, and James Houston, author and designer who introduced printmaking techniques in the Arctic, have provided their brilliant condensations.

To match the three-dimensional tradition of Eskimo carvings, the foreword appears in English, in French, and in Eskimo; text and captions are in English and French.

Taylor concerns himself with prehistory, from the Cape Denbigh Flint complex of northwestern Alaska, dating from about 2000 B.C. (known for flint tools) to the eastward-drifting Pre-Dorset descendants. ('We know rather more of these people than we do about Denbigh for in the permafrost of the Canadian Arctic, far better preservation conditions prevail' Taylor notes.)

After Pre-Dorset, came the Dorset, then the Thule people, the latter a culture derived from a sequence of Eskimo cultures in Alaska. The Thule Eskimos hunted the big baleen whales by umiak and left a legacy of baleen and whale bone artifacts.

In Eskimo art of today (Swinton says that no word for art exists in the Eskimo language, yet the idea of image-making has existed in the Arctic for at least 2,800 years) Swinton sees a swan song for the life of the past, but hope, as well, of a new reality from the new environment. Houston is more confident of the influence for good of the white man. The Canadian government since 1950 has done much to recognize and help develop Eskimo art, Houston writes. He sees among contemporary Eskimos, trained in Canadian schools but clinging to the family traditions, several 'real' carvers who speak to us 'with thoughts, words, and motives entwined with our own'. He sees them as the true innovators.

Kay Kritzwiser is Art Critic for the Toronto 'Globe and Mail'.

WHY WILDERNESS

Edited by Bruce M. Litteljohn and Douglas H. Pimlott. New Press, Toronto. 1971. 108 pages. Illus. paperback. $2.50.

Reviewed by Robert W. Nero

This is another handbook for conservation activists. It is the first book published by the Algonquin Wildlands League, Ontario. As indicated by the subtitle: 'A report on mismanagement in Lake Superior Provincial Park', it deals with a fairly specific issue. In addition, it is concerned with the 'problem of preserving wilderness (natural ecosystems, if you prefer) in the Province of Ontario'. In this respect it has broad implications for persons involved with this problem everywhere.

The Wildlands League, formed in 1968, is an alert, active group of citizens who made headlines recently in their fight to reduce lumbering in Algonquin Provincial Park. Their experience here and elsewhere gives them a sound basis for the chapter on 'Suggestions for individual action'. A bibliography on the wilderness concept, national parks, and Ontario provincial parks provides useful back-up material for similar struggles elsewhere.

The first part of the book contains essays which have previously appeared in other outlets: 'Why wilderness' by Fred Bodsworth, 'Wilderness values in the twentieth century' by Dr Douglas H. Pimlott, 'The importance of nature reserves' by Dr J. Bruce Falls, and 'Wilderness: Canadian cultural heritage' by Bruce M. Litteljohn. It's nice to have these four good articles in one place.

Part 2, 'Report and recommendations on Lake Superior Provincial Park', describes an on-site investigation by members of the League. The facts reported indicate bad park management. This section ends with a set of recommendations to the governing body.

Two essays by Douglas Pimlott and Bruce Litteljohn make up Part 3 of the book. These are strong, personal impressions, yes, emotional reflections, of visits to Lake Superior Provincial Park. Pimlott notes: '. . . Ontario has a timber policy for its forested land but no parks philosophy or policy; no feeling for the place of 'overmature' forests in dynamic ecosystems; no understanding that the intrinsic value of a tree may sometimes be much greater than the value of the plywood doors that are fashioned from its cells and tissues.' Litteljohn closes with this: 'We do not allow government to sell paintings out of the National Gallery to the highest bidder. Why do we allow government to sell the environment of this great park? Why indeed? Judging by the three color photos of the park and the opinions expressed in the book, this is a magnificent natural area. Hopefully, this book will help develop a park philosophy in Ontario, as well as throughout Canada.

Dr Nero is a biologist, formerly on the staff of the University of Saskatchewan, now with the Manitoba government department concerned with environmental management.

INDIAN AND ESKIMO ART OF CANADA

Text: Ian Christie Clark. Photography: Dominique Darbois. Selection and sequence of photographs: Joan Prats Valles. McGraw-Hill Canada, Scarborough, 1971. 13 pages of text; 120 pages of photographs. 15 in colour. $9.95.

Reviewed by Dorothy Jean Ray

This hard-bound book, about eight inches square, illustrates selected art objects from a collection of aboriginal Canadian Eskimo and Indian art shown both in Paris and Ottawa in 1969 and 1970. It does not pretend to compete with the complete descriptive 'official' catalogue of the exhibition, *Masterpieces of Indian and Eskimo art from Canada*, published in Paris in 1969 (available from Information Canada, Ottawa, $10 soft cover), but is an adventure in its own right in a successful attempt in transporting the reader to the exhibition. The catalogue, of course, is indispensable for the serious student, but this book, both beautiful and portable, should also be included in any art library because its plan and interesting photography give the reader a measure of having seen the exhibit itself.

'Big Sister' a sketch taken by Susan Ross at Little Grand Rapids, Manitoba in March, 1969.

The book has a thirteen-page introduction set in large type that might be used on museum labels, followed by a compact fold-out index to the illustrations, which leaves the reader unencumbered with distracting data on the illustrations in 120 consecutive pages, one object to a page. The effectiveness is heightened by all of the photographs extending to the edge of the page, most of them with a black background.

The majority of objects are from Northwest Coast Indian tribes – complicated masks and wooden sculptures – but there are also Iroquois masks, gorgeous Plains Indian robes, and small prehistoric objects. The first illustration is a tiny face only 5.4 cm. high of caribou antler, carved by the ancient Dorset people, and though obviously placed at the beginning to contrast with the complicated forms that follow, it also represents, by its age and timelessness, mankind's apparently constant search for artistic expression.

The second photograph, which is the first of a series of six, plunges us into an exhibit hall with a panoramic view of five large Northwest Coast carvings placed on the floor. The second of the series shows only three of the five objects; the third, two, and finally, the last three, different closeup details of one of the carvings, 'Tsonoqua', the legendary Kwakiutl Indian cannibal woman. Several other objects are also illustrated from two or more vantages as one might view them walking through the exhibition. The least successful of this procedure is a Thule Eskimo engraved drill bow, illustrated twice when once would have sufficed.

The final illustration, and the last page of the book, is a little man in ivory, only 3.2 cm. high, again from the Dorset culture, and who, almost 1,000 years old, is walking right out of the page, away from some of the greatest primitive art in the world.

Mrs Ray, anthropologist and author, besides ethnohistorical studies is keenly interested in the indigenous art of northern peoples.

WITHOUT RESERVE

By Sheila Burnford with illustrations by Susan Ross. McClelland & Stewart. Toronto, 1969. 242 pages. $6.95.

It is a pleasant relief to delve into a book about Indians and reserve life by people who had come 'not to exhort or teach, heal, snoop, pay or persuade, but in peace alone, in friendly interest' and to pursue their own interests. Lacking in enthusiasm for the social life of towns, these ladies like to fish and to hunt and to stay in remote places where plants, people, fossils, wildlife all stir their enquiring minds. Both committed their impressions to paper, the one in drawings, the other in words and they were not then doing so for publication. Consequently there is a freshness and spontaneity about these reminiscences of camping at Lake Nipigon, becoming acquainted with wild rice harvesters, staying at Northern Ontario reserves at Sandy Lake, Fort Severn, Big Trout. Their experiences disproved the derogatory remarks often so casually made about Indians and discussions brought insight into some of the problems faced by a member of a band holding a steady job when the tradition of sharing (once essential for survival of a band) imposes an unrealistic strain on the provider, or could make it impossible for him to work in a store.

There are stories of children and stories of dogs, from friendly pups to the fierce dogs of Fort Severn, stories of nurse, of missionary and of shaman. It is a happy informal book telling of two compatible women enjoying new experiences, written with charm and humour and illustrated with the vivid sketches of an accomplished artist. And for warning against attributing deep significance to the bizarre (anthropologists take note) read the anecdote of the green toenails. - *M.B.*

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